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THE CARDINAL DEMOCRAT

HENRY EDWARD MANNING

I. A. TAYLOR

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The Cardinal Democrat

Henry Edward Manning

The Cardinal Democrat:

Henry Edward Manning

By I. A. TAYLOR

AUTHOR OF
'QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA,' 'QUEEN HORTENSE AND HER FRIENDS,' ETC.

'Homo sum et humani nihil a me alienum'

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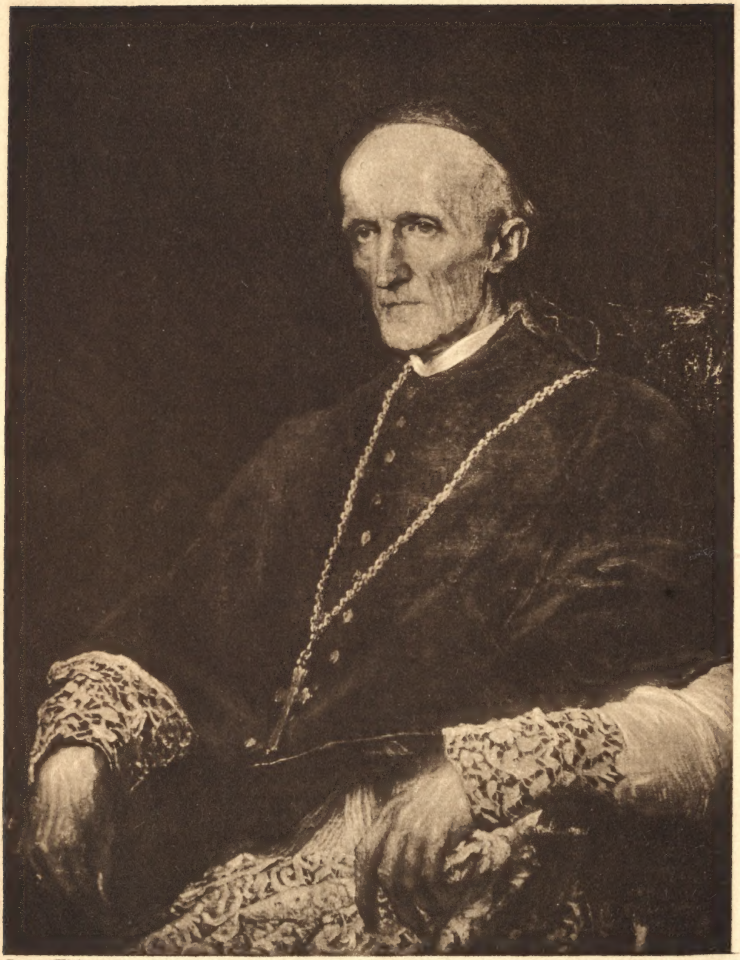

Photo. F. Hollyer.

Cardinal Manning.
From a portrait by G. F. Watts, R.A.

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THE CARDINAL DEMOCRAT

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

IT is forty-two years since Henry Edward Manning was consecrated Archbishop of Westminster and took up his great and special work in London—a work which has been called the consolidation of Catholicism on a democratic basis. Twenty-seven years later that work, so far as he was concerned, was done; the tireless brain had ceased to labour, the busy hands were at rest. But not before a great achievement had been accomplished. He had gained the hearts of his countrymen; he had overcome their prejudices; he had been accepted as the recognized ally of the section of the nation whose trust and affection he valued most. He was 'the good Cardinal' of the working man.

There are maxims, constantly repeated as truisms, so false that it seems strange that they should ever have become embedded in the human

mind; yet centuries may be necessary before they can be eradicated. There are verities writ so large that it would almost appear that men could not choose but read them; yet hundreds of years may pass before their claim to practical acceptance is vindicated.

Such a truth is the identity of Christian and democratic principles—a truth perfunctorily and theoretically acknowledged, but disallowed in any true sense by the majority of the friends and foes of religion alike. It is a truth obscured and veiled by the action of those who have again and again made of the Christian Church an instrument and tool of oppression, have striven to turn it to their own profit; who have employed it in the interests of a class or a party, and have succeeded in partially masking its character and nature.

'By a singular concurrence of events,' says Tocqueville, 'religion is entangled in those institutions which democracy assails, and it is not unfrequently brought to reject the equality it loves, and to curse that liberty as a foe which it might hallow by its alliance.'

But, in spite of all, facts remain unchanged. Nor can it be denied that a body admitting unconditionally and in their most absolute form, the principles of equality and brotherhood; know-

ing no distinctions of caste or class; bound by no restrictions of nationality or race; whose hierarchy owes nothing to birth or blood, and whose supreme ruler may be the son of a peasant or of a beggar, is, in theory, constitution, and essence, a democratic organisation. There was one scheme, said Mr. Ben Tillett, speaking of current methods of dealing with latter day social problems, which had been invented for 1900 years but never tried. It was that contained in the Sermon on the Mount.

The same principles find diverse expression according to the needs and necessities of age, atmosphere, and environment; according, too, to the development of the civilisation upon which they are to work. At a time when the ultimate triumph of the democracy may be said to be assured, it becomes increasingly important to show that Christianity is its friend, not its foe; and that even though called upon, like Balaam, to curse, it has nothing but a blessing to give.

Some men have set their hands to this work; have striven, and are striving still, to bring home to the comprehension of the struggling masses the fact, that the Church is not the Church of the few, but of the multitude; that its interests are not, as it sometimes has been made to appear, the interests

of a class, but of humanity; to render the words of St. Paul a reality, and to prove that, in its eyes, all are equal, that there is neither Jew nor Gentile, bond or free.

There have been moments when it seemed that success was within the grasp of these workers—times such as that, all too short, when Pius IX.—reviled by reactionists as the head of revolution in Europe—stood out temporarily as the recognized leader of those who sought, here below, a better country; or when Leo XIII. took up the cause of the labourers of the world; or when, in England, Henry Edward Manning, the head of the Roman Catholic Church in this country, came forward, reckless of the hostility evoked by his action, as the representative of democratic aspirations, and joined, without distinction of class or creed, with all engaged in fighting the battles of the weapon-less crowd and in pleading the cause of the mute or the hopeless.

'We did not look upon him as the Cardinal,' said a London workman—'we looked upon him as our friend.' It is as the friend of the working man, the defender of the weak, the pleader—to use his own words—for the worthless, that he will be represented here. This aspect of his life and work must necessarily occupy, if an important, yet a

subordinate part in the biographies dealing with the career, as a whole, of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster;[1] and notwithstanding the lives already in existence, it may be that there is room for a study exclusively concerned with his labours, not as a Prince of the Church, or in connection with ecclesiastical and doctrinal affairs, but as the friend and advocate of the poor and the helpless, the Cardinal democrat.

The position he occupied was novel and in a measure unique. In a paper printed in the *Nouvelle Revue* at his death, his attitude and aims were described by a foreign critic. To break with dynasties and concordats; to get outside historical traditions; to go to the people; to apply the words of the Christ, 'I have pity upon the multitude;' to direct and favour democracy—such is the account there given of his ideal. 'If the holy See and the Church,' added the sanguine writer, 'are upon the point of opening the social and democratic era, it is to Cardinal Manning that the honour of having hastened this change is due. As man, Bishop,

[1] In Mr. Purcell's Life, for example, the chapter devoted to nearly twenty years of the Cardinal's work as philanthropist and political and social reformer, occupies no more than eighty-five pages; whereas the account of the proceedings and intrigues, of wholly ephemeral interest, concerning the appointment of a successor to Cardinal Wiseman, extend to some two hundred.

Cardinal, and social reformer, this is his distinguishing characteristic in history.'

The passage correctly defines the position held by the Cardinal, not only in England, but in Europe and America. 'Were I not Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster,' he once said, 'I could find it in me to be a demagogue.' He was not a demagogue. He has been ticketed with various names, has been claimed by different factions; but he belonged to no one political organisation, committed himself to no political sect. Again and again he emphatically denied that he was attached to either of the great rival parties in the state. 'I have no party politics,' he wrote as early as 1866, 'but would oppose both parties, or support either when they act justly to the holy See and to our poor.'

These words give the key to his attitude throughout; inconsistent or varying in much else, consistent in this. God and the poor—to him service of the one implied care and solicitude for the other, and in his eyes the two great gospel precepts were indissolubly blended and united. His politics, he explained twenty-four years later, when, his career nearly over and his accounts made up, he was taking a general review of his position, past and present, were social politics; and he prayed God that whosoever should succeed him

in his office might renounce politics and parties, supporting or opposing them in absolute independence.

The independence he desired for his successor he was resolute in asserting on his own behalf, and it was acknowledged on all hands. 'As to Cardinal Manning,' Lord Salisbury once said, describing the opinions of the members of some Royal Commission, 'no one can say what party he is of.' When asked what position he would have preferred to fill had he not occupied his own, he is quoted as replying that he would have chosen to be candidate for Marylebone in the radical interest. But the radical party would have found him a troublesome and insubordinate accession. Nor would he have been a more submissive member of any other political faction. Whig and Tory—he always used the old nomenclature—alike represented in his eyes different forms of class selfishness, the one aristocratic, the other well to do, and from both he held resolutely aloof.

Yet he drew a distinction. With the Tories he was naturally in less sympathy than with their opponents. Toryism was the traditional stronghold of privilege. It was the upholder of monopolies and of tyrannies, the obstructor of legislation designed to ameliorate the condition of

the poor, and, as such, he was its vowed and open antagonist, ready, save on exceptional occasions, to throw the weight of his influence into the scale against it. Nevertheless he had no liking for a destructive policy, and his respect for law, when it coincided with justice, his reverence for the English constitution, was great. Free from pledges or from engagements, he was from first to last avowedly on the side of any party and every party capable of being used as a means to better the condition of the labouring millions, the foe of every party adverse to such measures. Political institutions, political aims and objects, were of infinitely less consequence in his eyes than the great social problems.

'Such is my radicalism,' he said, 'going down to the roots of the sufferings of the people.' It was the sufferings of the people, the people's wrongs, and the people's needs, which made him what he was, and what he prayed that whosoever should succeed to his office might likewise be.

Judging each question as it arose upon its merits and independently, it follows that he frequently laid himself open to that charge of inconsistency to which those men are liable who accept one article of a party creed and reject others, approve one item in a political or social pro-

gramme and withhold their approbation from another. He did not, in the current and significant phrase, adopt a complete set of opinions ready made; he selected his own, and where a formula commonly found in conjunction with others conflicted with his sense of justice or right, he refused it a place on the list.

Nor is it possible to deny that, as time went by, his views on certain subjects underwent a change. He would not have been concerned to apologise for the fact. To be incapable of changing an opinion is to have lost the power of learning from life and experience. To be ashamed of avowing a change of opinion is to play the part of a moral coward. Manning, open-eyed and open-minded to the last, was always ready to acknowledge that he had miscalculated forces at work, and to rearrange his plans and his hopes on a fresh and more solid basis.

His attitude towards public affairs having been described, it remains, before entering upon a detailed study of his work, to examine into the causes and influences which had made him what he was.

The line of conduct he pursued was of course primarily the result of the nature and character of the man, large-hearted, wide-minded, pre-eminently

pitiful of suffering and wrong, and with the power of co-operation arising from imaginative sympathy and the faculty of understanding and respecting convictions he did not share. But other factors had contributed to shape his course.

His father was a Tory, and birth and training would have naturally prepared the son to follow in his steps. Instinctively, however, he rejected the political creed of his family. By him, as boy and afterwards as man, equality before God was not only an axiom theoretically and perfunctorily admitted, but was consciously and imperatively felt. This sense of equality was strengthened and accentuated by the public school life of Harrow—in his opinion a great leveller; and as time went on the instinctive intuitions of the boy became the deliberate judgments of the man. Harrow was no more than one element in the training supplied by his early years. Oxford followed, continuing or inaugurating intercourse with men destined to set their mark upon their generation; whilst before he had finally decided upon a clerical career he had passed some months as a clerk in the Colonial Office, and had had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with London life.

In comparing the work he accomplished with

that achieved by others, it should consequently be remembered that he was unhandicapped, as philanthropist and reformer, by the disadvantages necessarily attaching, by education and tradition, to many of his co-religionists, lay and ecclesiastical. Upon the counterbalancing advantages enjoyed by those upon whom no breach with their past has been incumbent, and who can look back upon a career at one with itself, it is not necessary to dwell; but it is fair to bear in mind that Manning was exempt from the disabilities and difficulties of men bred in the inevitably narrowing atmosphere of a minority, and embittered and alienated from the national life by the recollection of centuries of ostracism and injustice. To the great position he was to hold in the Catholic Church, he united the formative influences of a boyhood and early manhood spent in touch and in sympathy with the mass of the nation to which he belonged.

Religion joined hands with life to impress upon him the same principles. Whilst, at the Political Economy Club, he was listening to the discussions of such men as Whately, Grote, Tooke, and others, he was comparing their conclusions with those to be drawn from the Scriptures. Moses, he would afterwards say in jest, had made him a Radical; the Hebrew theocracy

was a true republic; monarchy a revolt and a chastisement. Later on, he drew support from the saying of St. Thomas Aquinas that God gave sovereignty immediately to the people, mediately to Prince, President, or Consul. Throughout the future Cardinal's life, his principles as democratic and social reformer were closely linked and associated with his convictions as Christian and Catholic.

What sacred history taught, secular history confirmed. The historical and constitutional history of England, as he interpreted its records, conspired to place him, as ecclesiastic no less than as man, on the side of the people. In noting the growth of democratic convictions in Europe, Tocqueville ascribed the equality of conditions towards which society is tending chiefly to the action of the Catholic Church: 'The clergy opened its ranks to all classes—to the poor and to the rich, the villein and the lord; equality penetrated into the Government through the Church, and the being who, as a serf, must have vegetated in perpetual bondage, took his place as a priest in the midst of nobles, and not unfrequently above the head of kings.' The first duty of men in power was now to educate the democracy; if possible, to warm its faith; to purify its morals;

to direct its energies; to instruct its inexperience; and to adapt its government to fresh conditions. 'A new science of politics is indispensable to a new world.'

It is not without significance for those who would trace the genesis of the Cardinal's social faith, that these passages are found quoted by him as possibly in part responsible for the opinions of Frederic Ozanam; and the ideals placed before Tocqueville's readers may not have been without a share in determining his own. He may, in truth, as an observer of his career has conjectured, have felt that he was standing at the opening of a new era—an era to him, as to Frederick Robertson, full of hope—and that to himself might be entrusted the work of leading the way in the reconciliation of the Church and the democracy. A teacher of a different school in theology, but holding convictions kindred to the Cardinal's on social matters, has hazarded the assertion that the development of democratic principles in the secular sphere involves a corresponding modification of the religious ideal as understood in post-reformation times. 'Science, philosophy, and history,' says Canon Scott Holland, 'have all conspired together to dismiss with ridicule the petty individualism which used to ascribe to the organisa-

tion of the secular state a purely external and regulative function.' Man and the State, no longer represented as opposed each to each, 'are seen to be the two correlative factors of a single process, which we call civilisation.' As individualism in secular matters has given place to a wider and nobler conception of society, so in the spiritual realm individualistic forms of belief have become impossible. In the Church alone is an ideal realised corresponding to that towards which men's eyes are turning in the secular domain—namely, the rights of citizenship in a great corporate body co-extensive with civilised humanity itself.[1]

With, then, these objects and aims before him, bent also upon opening the ranks of those labouring for the common welfare to Catholics, and demonstrating the fact that, differences of creed apart, the duties imposed on all members of the one commonwealth are the same, all belonging equally to the one great national unity, Manning entered the community of English Catholics, a body described by a Scotchman as 'small, but varra respectable.' Into it he brought fresh life, new standards of conduct and principles of activity; gradually breaking down the barriers

[1] 'God's City.' Canon H. Scott Holland.

set up by ignorance and distrust on the one side; by narrowness, jealousy, the habit of aloofness, and the remembrance of wrongs suffered and resented, on the other. This was, in the social domain, the great work he inaugurated and carried to so astonishing a degree of success. Of a different creed to the enormous majority of English working men, the chief representative of a Church they had regarded with dislike and suspicion, he proved to them that no man could have their interests more at heart than he, that none was more intimately and personally concerned in their welfare; and was accepted by them, generously and freely, as their advocate and ally. In his relations with the poor, the labourers, and the helpless, as he strove to rescue them from poverty, from hardship, from injustice, and from sin, he stood in a measure alone. 'The rich can take care of themselves,' he wrote . . . 'but who can speak for the poor?' To speak for the poor was what he set himself to do, and for twenty-five years, as Archbishop first, and then as Cardinal, he performed his chosen office. Only once did he so far depart from his custom of personal non-interference in political matters as to vote for a Parliamentary candidate; but outside Parliament he constituted himself the

representative and the spokesman of those who were dumb.

And the people were not ungrateful. They remembered—and they forgot. They remembered his unwearied efforts upon their behalf, his anxious thought, his pleadings spoken and written, his fearlessness in braving public opinion, his disregard of the protests of friends or counsellors where their opinions conflicted with his standard of right and his wider sympathies. And they forgot, or only remembered to ignore it, that he was a member of a body they had been taught to consider alien, and of a creed that the mass of his countrymen rejected.

CHAPTER II

Appointed Archbishop of Westminster—Social Sympathies —Beginning Work—Memorial to Cardinal Wiseman—Educational Projects.

ON Monday, May 8th, 1865, the announcement reached London that Henry Edward Manning had been nominated Archbishop of Westminster.

A controversy has been waged over the methods by which an appointment distasteful to no inconsiderable section of the English Catholic community, lay and clerical, was brought about, and Manning has been freely charged with connivance at least in the intrigues of his partisans. To enter into the merits of the discussion does not come within the compass of the present work. That he had earnestly desired the exclusion of incompetent persons, or of those he considered incompetent, from a great and responsible post is undoubtedly true. It was also probably the fact that he felt himself to be in some respects specially qualified to fill it—a conviction fully justified by the event; whilst in a man not exempt from human frailties, less worthy motives may have

had their share in shaping his wishes. But unless we are prepared to believe him capable of a deliberate falsehood, he had, up to the end of March, if not later, neither aimed at the promotion ultimately conferred upon him, desired it, nor considered it probable, reasonable, or imaginable that he would obtain it.

When, however, it proved that it was his destiny to be placed at the head of the Catholic Church in England, there is no reason to doubt that he rejoiced. He has been accused of ambition, and in more senses than one it is possible that the accusation is just. If it were ambition, he once said in reference to a favourite taunt, to desire to see work done that ought to be done, as it ought to be done, and when ill done to be done better, without being the doer of it, so that it were done at all—if it were ambition to be impatient when, with the evils and wants and miseries of the people before them, men did nothing, and if they would not work, to beg for permission to try to do the work himself—if this were ambition, he hoped to die in it.

The retort, with its hot impatience of inertia, its avowed desire to be up and doing, its transparent self-confidence, and its very human resentment, is characteristic both of the merits and of the failings

of the writer. The ambition he described was at all events certainly his, and it may well have caused him—knowing himself, his capacities and powers—to rejoice at seeing the means of employing them to the best advantage placed in his hands.

Manning was fifty-six when appointed to the Archbishopric of Westminster; and, making his own reckoning, looked on to fifteen additional years of labour. Eleven more were, as it proved, to be added to the tale; and those twenty-six years, with short intervals spent abroad, or on the northern tours he misnamed his holidays, were passed, at first in the house in York Place which had served as a residence to his predecessors, and afterwards in Archbishop's House, close to the Vauxhall Bridge Road, a bare and dreary building originally erected as the Guard's Institute, and acquired by the diocese of Westminster in the year 1872. Here he lived; here he carried on his multifarious labours until the end, in the midst of a population belonging to the poorest and most necessitous—to some it would have seemed the most hopeless—class of the London poor. Congregated together within a stone's throw of the houses of the rich were crowds of Irish, living under conditions making the decencies of life difficult, if not impossible—Irish who had pre-

served, amidst alien surroundings, the traditions, religious and national, of their race; others who, having lost their own virtues, had failed to acquire those of the country wherein they were dwellers, and who still clung together, filling the houses in the lowest quarters of the district, and divided by a curious and intangible line of demarcation from their English neighbours.

The Westminster Manning knew is swiftly passing away. One by one the streets where the poor were wont to herd are being demolished, to make way for public buildings or dwelling-places for the rich. As in other parts of the city, Dives is banishing Lazarus to a more convenient distance from his gates. Forty years ago the problems the Archbishop was bent upon solving were vividly exemplified in the life of the people occupying the district where his home was to be fixed. In few places could the extremes of wealth and poverty have met more closely, jostled one another more visibly, or pressed themselves with more urgency upon the attention of philanthropist or reformer. If the new Archbishop had been ambitious of work, work lay ready to his hand. But though impatient to begin his labours, he flung himself into them with no undue haste. On the day following his consecration, he left England

to spend a month in France and Switzerland, and to take breath before embarking on his new life. It was a life thereafter to know few holidays. Reminded, some weeks before his death, of a visit paid to Penzance twenty-three years earlier, 'It was complete rest,' he said, 'I came back, and have never known any since,' adding, '*Post equitem sedet atra cura.*' Perhaps it was well that even his eager and strenuous spirit could not forecast all the ceaseless labour and anxiety that was to crowd the coming years.

In forming an estimate of the work done and the position he achieved during those years, it should be remembered that not so much as the foundations of his reputation as a social reformer had been laid at this time. Not the least remarkable feature of his career, taken as a whole, is the total absence of any previous active or definite intervention in public or secular affairs. In the period elapsing between his submission to the Catholic Church and his appointment to the Archbishopric of Westminster, as well as during his earlier ministry, his attitude had been that of a sympathetic spectator of the struggle for existence carried on by the lower classes, rather than of a leader in the fight with which he was afterwards to be identified.

Up to the time of his conversion, if his horizon had not been bounded and limited by the Anglican Church, his principal interests—since early aspirations after a political career had been abandoned—were connected with that body and the crisis through which it was passing. So engrossed was he indeed by ecclesiastical questions that, though belonging in theory and principle to the party of reform, no mention of the Repeal of the Corn Laws, or of any kindred measure, finds a place in his diary for the years 1844-7.

His abstention from public action had not, it is true, implied indifference to the condition of the poor. During the years passed in his Sussex parish, he had served an apprenticeship in practical knowledge of the working classes; had been laying the foundations of that acquaintance with them justifying his assertion, made many years later, that if he knew anything, he knew the working people of England; and had acquired a conversancy with their just grievances forming a basis for that conviction of the necessity of change he afterwards held so strongly. Brought into intimate and personal relations with the Sussex agricultural labourers, he had ever been solicitous for their welfare and pitiful over their sufferings; the experience he had

gained of their hardships had sunk deep into his heart, bearing fruit in the unwearying efforts of his after life to better the conditions of all labouring classes alike; and in a charge delivered in the year 1845, as Archdeacon of Chichester, a note was struck serving in some sort as a prelude to his future work. Lamenting the grinding poverty, the unrelenting round of labour, embittering the spirit of the English poor, he pleaded their cause. 'Time,' he urged, 'must be redeemed for the poor man. The world is too hard upon him, and makes him pay too heavy a toll out of his short life.'

Yet though his views and outlook in these early years caused him to be termed by his brother-in-law, Bishop Wilberforce, a Radical, there had been little, as regarded the outer world, to justify the appellation. His powers were chiefly devoted to the quiet and patient performance of parochial and diocesan duties, and, whilst neither blind nor indifferent to the evils afterwards absorbing him to so great an extent, he took no personal part in their redress. If he had chosen his flag, he was still a soldier in barracks. It is curious to reflect that, had he died before the age of fifty-six, he would have been remembered as an ecclesiastic alone; and the speculation is interesting whether,

had he continued to fill a subordinate post, he would have been content to the end to occupy the sphere of work marked out for him by his superiors. Until he was in the position of a leader, the call to active service on behalf of his social convictions had not apparently sounded in his ears ; and for fourteen years after the day when, feeling that he had lost everything, he left one field of labour to enter upon another, he continued his old practice of taking no prominent part in public affairs outside the limits of the purely ecclesiastical or religious domain.

Many reasons may have contributed to restrict him to this course of action. He had passed through a crisis, mental and spiritual, following upon years of doubt and conflict; and had cut himself adrift from old associations after a fashion necessarily acutely painful to a man past middle life, of whom all the deepest interests of his manhood were affected by the change. To the question, put to him at this time by one of his relations, why he was called cold, he made the significant reply that he felt, in truth, so much, that were he to express it he would lose self-control. The trial 'which to be known must be endured,' may have left him a prey to that species of lassitude not infrequently following upon continued

effort and strain, and have paralysed for a time initiative energy in other directions. 'Da martiro venni a questa pace,' he quoted, in reference to this phase of his existence.

He was also a foreigner in a new environment. He has given a description of the effect produced upon him by the atmosphere into which he was suddenly plunged at his conversion.

'When I came,' he wrote, 'from the broad stream of the English commonwealth into the narrow community of the English Catholics, I felt as if I had got into St. James' Palace in 1687. It was as stately as the House of Lords, and as unlike the English Commonwealth as my father's mulberry velvet court dress was to his common-day blue coat and brass buttons. The old Catholic Toryism is the Toryism of Laud and Strafford's instincts, feelings, and traditions, without reason, principle, or foundation in the law of England at any time from King Alfred to Queen Victoria. The Catholics of England seem to me to be in their politics like the Seven Sleepers.'[1]

Into this community Manning had entered, a foreign element, ardent in the Catholicism for which

[1] It has been objected that the English Catholics of whom he wrote were mostly Whigs, rather than Tories. The atmosphere of the two parties, so far as social objects and aims—all important in his eyes—were concerned, was probably much the same.

he had sacrificed so much, extreme in theological views; but with the stamp left upon him by his past, by the life of the public school boy and the Oxford undergraduate, and the years of intercourse with men of all opinions that had followed; and with a growing desire to reassert his claim to full participation in the national life.

If, however, there was little danger that the neophyte would be infected by the lofty inertia and dignified quiescence of his new associates, he may have considered it wise to proceed with caution, to find his feet in his fresh surroundings, and to prove the weapons placed in his hands before flinging himself into the fight. He may also have thought it well to allow the fellow-workers he had left to become accustomed to his change of front before attempting co-operation in matters with regard to which he was still in a position to make common cause with them. What is certain is that he was no sooner installed at Westminster, and supreme in power, than he gave proof of the direction in which that power would be exercised.

It was perhaps characteristic of the man that his first care should have been for the young. An old legend tells how, in his native land beyond the seas, St. Patrick heard a cry from afar as of

children pleading for help, and that never thereafter could he rest until he had succoured them. The cry of children, in pain or in distress, never sounded in vain in Archbishop Manning's ears. A child's needless tear, he once said, was a blood-blot on this earth. Not by words only, but by acts, he was indefatigable in striving to better their lot, and when death had withdrawn him from the scene of his labours, Mr. Benjamin Waugh, who has done a work of such incalculable value in mitigating children's sufferings, came forward to testify to his eager co-operation and sympathy.

In this case, as in the case of the accounts given by toilers in other fields of his ever ready interest, counsel, and encouragement, it is difficult to realise that the special work, however great, could be no more than a side path of his own labours—a single one out of the manifold questions with which he was daily called upon to deal. But none who brought him their troubles, perplexities, and difficulties, went away disappointed. He possessed the invaluable faculty of throwing himself into whatever subject was under discussion as if its importance was for the moment paramount; and the very multiplicity of his interests may have enabled him to take a truer, saner, view of each than was possible for the man to whom it

constituted the sole and absorbing object of unremitting anxiety. To the service of the several toilers who sought his advice he brought the freshness of a mind by which the case in point was weighed and reduced to its proper dimensions, and expectations were limited by possibility. He knew, no one better, that success in any department could not be uninterrupted; he was proof against the discouragement often overtaking the man whose labour lies in a single direction; and was well aware that permanent work—work destined to endure—could not be hurried.

More especially he recognised that this was the case with regard to those very reforms he had at heart. Painfully convinced of the paramount need that domestic life should be made possible for the poor—as it is not, in many cases and in any true sense, possible under present conditions—he also knew that the state of children brought up in homes that are no homes can only be truly ameliorated by far-reaching changes of gradual growth. To rectify a single evil, a detail of a whole vicious system, even were it possible to do so, is only to cut down a poison plant, leaving the root untouched. The work of radical amendment is not to be accomplished in a day. Public opinion must first be created, and the very

fact of the existence of a great and urgent need is proof that to supply it will take time.

That a thorough and immediate cure of an evil could not be expected, constituted, however, in his eyes no excuse for neglecting the attempt to minimise the effects of the disease; and the cause of children—the first to which he was, as Archbishop, to set his hand—appealed to him with special force. He loved them not only with the abstract and impersonal love of a man charged with the care of their souls; but with the warm human affection leading him, in his old age, to go amongst them as they played in the parks, talk to them there, and give them his blessing.

'You do not know how I love my little children,' he said to those who feared fatigue for him when, shortly before his death, he visited a poor school and distributed with his own hands the gifts prepared for them. And whilst not a child was outside the range of his interest and pity, he had a duty to perform towards those for whose welfare he was directly responsible. Like St. Patrick, he had heard the cry of twenty thousand children—children in no distant land but at his very door, neglected, untaught, uncared for, serving in the streets of London their apprenticeship to crime and misery; and was eager to respond to it.

'For two and twenty years,' he wrote in 1887, of the care of the young, 'these thoughts have weighed upon me; and I felt that of all the souls committed to my charge those that were most in peril were the souls of little children.'

The statement reads strangely. It may perhaps be interpreted as signifying, not that the souls of children were in greater danger than others, but that, possessing more possibilities of redemption, they had also more to lose; and it gives the key to the impatience of the new Archbishop to be up and doing on their behalf, and to his firmness in consistently refusing to subordinate their needs to the other requirements of the diocese.

'My first thought,' he wrote to Monsignor Talbot when the momentous decision had been taken at Rome, and he had received tidings of his appointment to Westminster, 'my first thought, on that Monday when the letter from Propaganda came, was of the twenty thousand children in London, and I hope with God's help to do something for them.'

The idea had indeed crossed his mind that a memorial to the dead Cardinal might take the form of providing education and care for the young of his flock. This hope had been destroyed even before his consecration; and at a meeting

of influential Catholics it was decided that a Cathedral at Westminster would be the fittest monument to its first Archbishop. At a second gathering at Willis's Rooms, at which the Archbishop-elect presided, he bestowed his formal approval upon the scheme and contributed a thousand pounds towards it. Having done so, he proceeded at once to make an urgent appeal for an object he had still more at heart—the rescuing of the destitute, ignorant, and uncared for children of the London streets. To save these children was, he said, his first duty—the first duty of London Catholics.

Sir Charles Clifford made reply, no doubt expressing the sentiments of most of those present, by drily drawing attention to the purpose of the meeting—namely, the collection of funds for the erection of a Cathedral as a memorial to the late Cardinal. The question of the children was beside the mark.

The audience were enthusiastically in favour of the original scheme, and £16,000 was given or promised on the spot.

Opposition would have been both unfair and impolitic; but whilst Cardinal Wiseman's successor pledged himself to co-operate cordially in the projected memorial, his heart remained fixed

upon the work to which it had been preferred. A note in his journal, dated 1878-82, includes his own account of the matter, and explains his conduct with regard to it. 'When Cardinal Wiseman's friends,' he then wrote, '. . . resolved to build a cathedral as a memorial of him, I assented; but when I was appointed by Pius IX. and presided before consecration at a meeting in Willis's Rooms for that purpose, I said that I accepted it with all my heart, but that first I must gather in the poor children. I hope I have kept my word, for I bought the land, and some thousands are given and others left for the building. But could I leave twenty thousand children without education, and drain my friends and my flock to pile up stones and bricks?' And he went on to record the result of his labours. 'The work of the poor children may be said to be done. We have nearly doubled the number in schools, and there is schoolroom for all. . . . My successor may begin to build a cathedral.'

From first to last he made no secret of his unpopular preference. In 1874, at a meeting of the Diocesan Education Fund, he publicly reiterated his intention of subordinating the erection of the great church to the welfare of those who

should fill it, repeating what he had said when the plan was first under consideration—that when the work of the poor children in London had been accomplished, and not till then, he would be ready to promote it. 'I will never pile stone upon stone until souls have been built up in the spiritual church which is the true cathedral of Westminster.' The Jews, he added, had a proverb, full of charity, declaring that even the building of the Temple must be suspended that the children might be taught. In the spirit of that proverb he had acted, and he would be content to leave the happiness of laying the first stone to the man who followed him, if he himself could see the work of the poor children of London accomplished.

It was inevitable that the line he took should be misunderstood and to a certain degree resented by men who did not share his enthusiasm, and who were excusably and not unnaturally bent upon placing before the world an outward and visible sign of the faith so long proscribed, and whose claims had only lately been vindicated in their native country. It is curious to note the coolness with which his zeal, though closely connected with Roman Catholic interests, was regarded by such a man as his friend and

partisan, Monsignor Talbot. The Roman ecclesiastic plainly felt that the new Archbishop might be in danger of squandering his gifts and wasting his opportunities.

'Of course you must not neglect the poor,' he allowed, in response to Manning's first intimation of the species of labours crowding to his mind. 'But many can do that work; few have the influence that you have—I may say, no one—on the upper classes of Protestants.' Writing some months later, the same tone is perceptible. After a perfunctory admission that he is glad that the Archbishop is turning his attention to the London poor, Talbot adds, with a suspicion of contempt, that he will find many to co-operate in that work. It appealed to the heart of utilitarians, and all parties would be prepared to support it.

With regard to the education scheme which was Manning's first care, generous help was indeed given; so that a year later he was in a position to make what he looked upon as a real beginning to the work so urgently required. Nevertheless, writing in May 1866, to announce the summoning of a meeting for the purpose of forming a fund for the poor children, he complained that there were men whom he could not get to believe in their existence. 'Oakeley, . . .

after having said that all our Catholic children are in school, now admits that there are twelve thousand without education. I am sure there are twenty thousand; but I will work with twelve thousand, which is sad and bad enough.'

The meeting, preceded by a pastoral circular, was successful; and writing in joy and hope to Talbot, after it had taken place, the Archbishop was able to announce the inauguration of a Diocesan Fund, and to state that the work of education had been placed upon a permanent footing.

'I look upon this only as a beginning,' he added, 'and thank God for it. I know your heart will be in the work.'

Notwithstanding the persistent confidence displayed by Manning in his sympathy, Talbot's congratulations are again singularly devoid of warmth, and reflect a condition of mind very different from that of his friend. Perhaps in the same way that in latter day warfare the fact that the enemy is almost invisible must have done much to eliminate the ardour of hatred animating those who in earlier times met their foes in hand to hand combat; so it was natural that the outlook of the distant spectator should differ from that of the man fighting sin and poverty and ignorance at close quarters at home. There was not much

that was supernatural in the zeal of English Catholics, wrote Talbot in reply to the Archbishop's letter: Manning was, however, wise in making use of their philanthropic sympathies. He himself had always taken the greatest interest in the London poor; but in order to save their souls, not merely to make them more respectable members of society—the Protestant view of such matters, unfortunately shared by many Catholics. And the Archbishop must not shorten his days by overwork, and should never himself do what a priest could do for him.

A greater contrast between the spirit of rose-water charity thus displayed, and the burning compassion for ruined lives spurring on the man to whom the letter was addressed, can scarcely be conceived; and in the midst of his gladness at the response to his appeal, the veiled admonitions the letter contained must have struck coldly on the Archbishop. But the first step had been taken, the initial work he had projected on behalf of the London poor had been inaugurated, and, under these circumstances, he could the more readily dispense with congratulation.[1]

[1] It has been estimated that approximately £350,000 was ultimately contributed throughout the country to the 'Catholic Education Crisis Fund.'—'Cardinal Manning.' Hutton, p. 171.

Into the details of the labours he thenceforward carried on in connection with education, his ceaseless and unwearied efforts to place it upon what he considered a proper footing, and to ensure to it a religious basis, it is impossible to enter. His policy on this point, the terms he strove to exact from successive Governments, and in large measure succeeded in securing, were, in contrast to his attitude on other questions, of a distinctly reactionary type. In regard to this matter almost solely, he joined his forces to those of the Conservative party; urging the right of voluntary schools to a share of the support from the rates bestowed upon the School Board; acting, from 1884 onwards, in concert with the Voluntary Schools Association, including the Anglican and Wesleyan bodies; pressing upon public notice the alleged failure of secular education in America and France; and going so far, in 1885, in view of the education question, as to support Conservative candidates. In 1886 he was given a place on the Royal Commission appointed to deal with the question of Primary Schools, his influence being plainly apparent in its Report; and before he died he had the satisfaction of witnessing the triumph of his principles in the 10s. granted by the Free Education Act for each child in volun-

tary schools. The result must have surpassed his hopes, and he may well have been satisfied.

In proof of the important share ascribed to him in obtaining the settlement, it is sufficient to quote the words addressed to him the previous year, on the occasion of his episcopal jubilee, by Sir H. Francis Sandford, who declared that he felt from his heart that if England was to remain, so far as education was concerned, a Christian country, it would be to his Eminence that that result would be largely due.

CHAPTER III

The Archbishop's Methods—Loneliness—'A Fireman on Duty'—Aspirations for his Flock—His Ideal of a Bishop—Characteristics.

AND so the new Archbishop entered upon his labours. 'Many can do that work,' Monsignor Talbot had written with reference to that toil for the poor of which his friend's heart was full. What they could not do, what none could do as well as he, was work connected with another and a higher class. If the Archbishop made no protest, his silence did not imply assent. Explanation would have failed to convince. His life would be the answer.

Many could do that work. Many, certainly, could have visited, as he did, the poorest missions in his diocese, but not all would have brought to the men carrying on their uphill labour in those districts the encouragement drawn from the fact that their chief had seen it with his own eyes. Many could have penetrated, as he did, into the lowest quarters of the city; could have spent winter evenings, as he did, talking to men straight

from their work in the street or in the dockyard, as they stood or sat around him, 'discussing, attending, questioning, suggesting,' but second-hand reports of the misery and evil with which he was to grapple, would not have brought him into touch with the mass of his people, or produced the intimate acquaintance with their condition and circumstances finding its expression in his work. Many could have preached as he did to the prisoners in the gaol chapel, but not with the effect described by the Fenian, Boyle O'Reilly, when he told of the stranger in the violet cassock who stood before that melancholy audience; of the attitude of sullen inattention assumed by the convicts as they heard him introduce the well worn theme of the Prodigal Son—a type of repentance of whom they were weary; of the unaccustomed tears which presently rose to the eyes of his hearers, as in simple language the speaker called up memories of home and of parents left desolate and broken-hearted; and of how, as he ended, some of the men were sobbing; O'Reilly himself, severe as had been the Archbishop's condemnation of his own party, declaring that, apart from the love he bore him on account of his devotion to Ireland, that sermon had endeared the preacher to him for life.

He knew the way to men's hearts ; he possessed, as few have possessed to a like degree, the secret of winning their confidence and love ; and to none, however zealous and devoted, would he delegate the duty of personal ministry. Many could have done, or tried to do, the work he had chosen. Few or none could have done it as he did it ; few or none could have left the mark he left.

If a just estimate is to be formed of actions, the spirit in which they are performed must be understood, since that alone lends them their moral and subjective value. Motives must be discovered, giving to each its character, conferring upon each its worth, and placing the failure of one man incomparably above the success achieved by another.

In some cases this is difficult; it is a hard matter to penetrate to the hidden springs setting the visible machinery at work. Conjecture is all that can be hazarded. But there are special facilities for arriving at conclusions with regard to Cardinal Manning. In days to come, when the evening shadows were falling, and his labours were drawing towards their close, he was accustomed, in leisure moments, to review his past, and to note its characteristics, its phases, its temptations and its successes, with something of the impartial interest of a spectator. In these autobiographical

notes, perhaps intended in the first instance for no eye save his own, the inner existence of which action was no more than the outward expression and clothing, is found revealed, and the nature of the man, the source of his influence, makes itself known.

The traces found in these records of past ambitions, hopes renounced, serve to throw into clearer relief the lines upon which his later years were moulded. 'I had a haunting feeling,' he wrote after reading Macaulay's biography, 'that his had been a life of public utility, and mine a *vita umbratilis*—a life in the shade, passive and of little result. For this life little enough . . . but perhaps if I had not broken with the world I might not have been saved.'

Again, he draws a comparison between his own career and Gladstone's—Gladstone, who had begun life as a Tory, he himself having been from the first a 'Mosaic Radical'—pronouncing upon his early friend with generous admiration. The statesman's career had been for the people, always widening out; he was now the leader of a democracy which need not be a revolution if the upper classes had the manhood, common-sense and self-denial, to mix with the people and lead them. Gladstone's had been a great career; the work of

his life was manifest in this world. 'I hope,' said the Cardinal—he was writing in 1882—'mine may be in the next.' For thirty years he added, he could scarcely have been more separate from the world. Yet, during the last ten or fifteen, he had again been mixed up with the English people in many ways, always by their invitation. And the touch of wistfulness perceptible as he set his own life beside that of his former comrade disappears.

Nevertheless an impression of loneliness is forced upon the reader of these scattered notes —the impression of an existence led apart, cut off not only from the ties of old affection, but from any subsequent intimacies. One looks in vain for any trace of close or familiar friendship—a friendship of the kind, for instance, binding him to Gladstone before the paths of the two diverged. Men there doubtless were strongly linked to him by affection and loyalty, but his position towards them was for the most part, necessarily and inevitably, that of the superior. Whereas friendship, using the term in its highest sense, demands, if not perfect equality, at least that the relative value of what each friend bestows should on the whole be justly balanced. 'Too disinterested a love becomes nothing but very generous alms,' is a wise saying.

Friendship moreover, like most other things worth having, demands leisure. Some persons voluntarily crowd life in a fashion to exclude it. To others circumstances render the art difficult, if not impossible. Counterfeits—not without their value—take its place. Men are swept together by common aims or objects, with the result that their outer lives are closely and intimately associated. Nor is the union, so far as it goes, other than real and genuine. Penetrate, however, below the surface, and you may find a total absence of the bond welding man to man independently of what may be termed accidental contact. The very stress of work responsible for existing ties may have precluded the formation of those born, not of community of labour or of interests, but of the intangible and indefinable attraction, the personal affinity, described by Montaigne as the sole explanation of the veritable link—'parceque c'était moi—parceque c'était lui.'

Whether this was the case with Manning must remain undetermined. It is not for a stranger to judge. For him deep friendships may have existed. To those who study the records of his later life, so far as they are accessible, such friendships are not apparent. Surrounded by disciples, sought daily by mendicants in need of

advice, comfort, or encouragement, his sympathy, his care, his anxious thought, were at the service of all. But something corresponding in the philanthropist to the 'égoisme de l'artiste'—an egoism which, though not personal, limited his vivid interests to the sphere wherein his wider love of humanity found free scope, may have consciously or unconsciously caused him to close the door upon those who might otherwise have penetrated to the inner sanctuary of his affections. 'In intimate contact,' said Father Butler, the man who perhaps knew him better than any other, 'you perceived that in his whispers in conversation, his dreams at night, his confidences given into sympathetic ears, he was the same as the orator, the ruler, or the counsellor of Holy Church.' The words, eulogistic as they are, corroborate the suspicion that his inner life was lived alone. It is not as orator, ruler, or counsellor of state that friend reveals himself to friend.

A special feature of his character, as it unfolds itself in actions and words, was a combination of opposites. There was something of the charm of unexpectedness in his commerce with life. 'An anchorite who did dwell, with the whole world for cell,' he was also a man of the world; if in some respects he approximated to the ancient ideal of

an ecclesiastic, he was in another sense markedly and essentially modern; if in the theological domain he stood across the threshold and barred the way to novel thought, he was eager to lead men forward in other directions in what might be termed by some critics dangerous paths. With a certain severity tenderness mingled to a singular degree; he could sorrow over the fate of a Boulanger, dead on a woman's grave; and be moved to the point of emotion as the pale-faced child of a carpenter recalled the home at Nazareth.

His love for souls was individual no less than collective. For each single one he had solicitude—even anxiety—to spare. 'Pride has kept you from religion,' he once warned a woman, 'and from sin,' he added, and his eyes were full of tears. 'A stern ecclesiastic he might be,' wrote some one, 'but the poor did not think so. . . . The penitents of the streets did not think him austere, nor the inebriates, nor even those, thrice unhappy, who . . . had lost their faith.' To be unhappy, from whatever cause, was to possess a claim upon him never disallowed.

If he lived in a measure alone, it was by deliberate choice. Watching, from the centre of London, what went on around him with keen attention, and endowed with every gift fitting him

to take and keep his place among his lay equals, he elected, so far as merely social intercourse was concerned, to live a priest with priests; entering the world, to use his own phrase, only as a fireman on duty. In spite of his varied activities and eager study of the problems of the day, his outlook remained the outlook of an ascetic. He had accepted his losses in the spirit of an ascetic; he used his opportunities in the same spirit. Looking back upon the past, he discerned in each forfeited possibility—in what to some men would have represented the wasted chances of life—a divine interposition, a danger escaped, a catastrophe averted; and, within sight of his goal, he would trace the course of the events which had made him what he was, and recognize in all that had passed the presence of a master hand. The aspirations of his early years, his political ambitions, his natural ties, everything had been taken from him—he had become as dead to all as if in another world, and, severing his connection with the past, had become a man *cui patria est ecclesia.*

It seems necessary to dwell upon this spirit of apartness—this separateness from the life around him, since it may, perhaps, supply some part of the explanation of his power and influence with

the poor. He came to them, not as an occasional visitant from another sphere, but as belonging to a neutral territory, his vision unclouded by the prejudices unconsciously contracted in an antagonistic environment.

Though occupying this attitude, and remaining, except when some definite purpose was to be served, in a measure apart, he was from the first keenly conscious of the position, with regard to the national life, of the members of his flock; and in no way desired on their behalf the existence he had chosen for himself. Yet there were difficulties in the way of altering what had become a tradition of the Catholic body. The mass of his priests and people, of Irish extraction, had been born in animosity, civil and religious, to the English State. Faithful to their nation and race, hostility to an unjust and dominant power ran in their blood, tending to keep them aloof, alien and suspicious, from participation in the life and interests, public and private, of their fellow-citizens. Nor was this spirit confined to the Irish, many of their English co-religionists being rendered by prejudice scarcely less incapable and useless. Nevertheless life, civil and political, lay open to these men, provided they

knew how to enter it, and to bear themselves when there; and in the Archbishop's eyes 'the withdrawal of Catholics from the active service of the commonwealth and the non-fulfilment of the duties of citizens and patriots was a dereliction of duty and unlawful in itself.' It was perhaps no wonder, he admitted in 1880, that the antagonism aroused by the Penal Laws should have continued as a personal sentiment, and that those who had been subject to them should, when their disabilities were removed, feel no ambition or desire for public life. But it was a disaster—a 'politique d'effacement.' That they should learn to make use of their opportunities he was keenly anxious—anxious too that they should be so equipped as to meet their countrymen—necessarily opposed to them on certain subjects—on equal terms. If they were to be a power in the world, and he wished to make them a power, he knew that it could not be done by shaping them in a mould that had become obsolete. To attempt it would have been a suicidal system. 'They cannot meet [others],' he wrote, 'without being forced into the time spirit. We do not live in an exhausted receiver. The Middle Ages are past. There is no zone of calms for us. We are in the modern world—in the trade-winds of the nine-

teenth century—and we must brace ourselves to lay hold of the world as it grapples with us, and to meet it, intellect to intellect, culture to culture, science to science.'[1]

Whilst he would have had the lay members of his flock take an active part in public life, there were obligations he recognised as specially binding upon the clergy. The Gospel precepts, as he read them, did no more than strengthen and expand the dictum of Terence, *Homo sum et humani nihil a me alienum.* By each civilised man everything affecting human suffering and the state of the people should be noted and tended. If priests and bishops could not multiply loaves or heal lepers, they could be prompt and foremost in working with all who laboured to relieve suffering, sorrow, and misery. How, he pondered, was that mass of suffering, sorrow, and misery to be reached? This was the question present with him at all times, as his eyes rested on the modern world and appraised its needs and its condition. Outside the visible church the power of good was, it was true, plainly to be discerned carrying on its work; and strenu-

[1] With these sentiments, it was a singular fact that it should have been Manning who set his face, steadily and persistently, against the frequenting of English universities by members of his flock; thus depriving those by whom his authority was respected of the educational advantages enjoyed by non-Catholics.

ously and generously he testified to its presence in bodies divided from Catholic unity, protesting against the narrowness that would limit the Spirit of God. 'The soul of the church,' he once said, 'is as old as Abel, and as wide as the race of mankind.' But, in spite of all, the human spirit, as distinguished from the divine, dominated Christian society. Were it not so, London could never have become what it was. And how to reach it, how to bring healing to the ills he saw? 'The world is dying *positus in maligno*,' he said, 'and we must go into it through fire.'

If his confidence in the capacity of his faith to win back the godless multitude was great, it was not upon the intellect—though he desired its cultivation—that he relied to do the work. But human love, care, brotherhood, the law and power of the Incarnation, might draw the human will, lost through past sin and misery, into the divine presence. Bishops and priests were happily independent, detached from the world, its titles, wealth, privileges.[1] Woe to him who should

[1] The independence of the Church in England was a constant matter of rejoicing to him. 'When will you have done with the Concordat?' he asked in the course of a conversation reported in the *Libre Parole*. . . . 'The Church has never suffered by the poverty of her members. Look at us. We have suffered. But how great is our freedom!'

entangle the church with governments and politics. Woe to the bishop of party or prejudice. And then follows his own ideal—the standard he set up for the man who should worthily fill his office.

'He should be human and Christian, human in all sympathy with the creatures of God, from the sorrows of men to the sufferings of the animal world; Christian in the charity of God and man, to friends and to enemies, in tenderness of heart, self-sacrifice, humility and patience. Sin, sorrow, and suffering, not only in the unity of the church, but out of it, ought to command his sympathy and service.'

Few will be found to deny that from first to last, as Archbishop and as Cardinal, Henry Edward Manning carried out his precepts, and adhered to the line he had traced. More and more he was destined to become a force to be taken into account. Often referred to at a later date in foreign papers, 'by a very pardonable mistake,' as Archbishop of Canterbury or of London, his influence was the greater because untrammelled by the fetters belonging to the official position of those with whom he was confounded.

There was another factor to which his power was due. Some men may preserve independence

of party, and may yet be the slave of public opinion, hampered by the fear of giving offence. Manning's independence was displayed, not in one direction alone, but in all. He may have loved popularity; he never hesitated to risk it by running counter, where principle was involved, to public or private sentiment; nor did he shrink from proclaiming his convictions. With unbounded charity towards the professors of opinions he regarded as erroneous, he combined the frank condemnation of their doctrines. He was as ready to face the accusation of bigotry from the one camp as that of socialism from the other.

An element in his character not devoid of moral danger also contributed to make men trust him. He trusted himself. His confidence in his judgment, depriving him to some extent of the benefit and help to be derived from counsel and advice, served to steady his hand and to straighten the course he pursued to reach his end. He was rarely, if ever, in the condition of the man who is paralysed by doubt.

'There is only room for one true fear in a man,' he once said, when failure, partial or transitory, threatened a cause he had deeply at heart, 'that fear is that he may be wrong. When that fear has been banished, there is no room for any other.'

The suspicion that he might be wrong, self-distrust or diffidence—qualities not without their merits, but crippling to action—were no features of the Cardinal's character. He formed his own conclusions, and steered his own ship, and whilst the extreme of self-reliance, the inability to allow due weight to the opinions of others, has its drawbacks, and is not commonly found in conjunction with the grace of humility, it is not without its practical advantages. It was the conviction that he would be swayed by his sense of justice alone, by no tenderness for the susceptibilities of friends or associates, and by no considerations of expediency or opportunism, that gave him his influence over other men. They knew that they had to deal with Henry Edward Manning, whom they trusted, not with his unknown advisers and counsellors. As man to man, not as the mouthpiece of a party or a school, he spoke to them, encouraged them, warned them, or, when he saw occasion, blamed them. They were assured that in misfortune or disappointment they could count upon his support. His disregard of consequences, compared with the rectitude of the aim, won him the confidence of the working men of England, and made them turn to him as a friend to be relied upon never to betray their cause.

CHAPTER IV

Breach with Mr. Gladstone—the Vatican Decrees—Death of the Archbishop of Paris—the Agricultural Labourer's Union—Lecture on the Dignity and Rights of Labour —Varied Work.

THOUGH Archbishop Manning had lost no time in setting to work upon the duties belonging to his new position, his entrance upon any sort of public life unconnected, or only indirectly connected, with his calling was effected gradually. Even his literary energies had been suspended since his conversion, and when he took up his pen it was principally for the purpose of dealing with religious questions. His attention too was necessarily engaged by the needs of the diocese and the difficulty of meeting them.

'If I know how to help you I will,' he wrote to Monsignor Talbot in October 1867, in answer to urgent appeals for funds to carry on the building of an English church in Rome, 'but I am burdened beyond measure.'

And besides and above mere pecuniary and practical cares, the momentous issues involved in

the coming Vatican Council must have been pressing upon his mind; whilst, when it took place, attendance at it withdrew him from England during a large portion of the year 1870.

His share in the proceedings at Rome belongs to an aspect of his character and career with which the present volume is not concerned. Consequent upon the decrees of the Council, however, was an event of no little importance in his secular life and carrying with it much pain. This was the transformation of the estrangement between himself and Mr. Gladstone which had followed upon his secession from the Church of England into a definite and open breach, not to be healed—and then only partially—until after many years.

The friendship between the two men, each great in his own sphere, is an interesting chapter in the history of each. How much it had counted for in the earlier years of the statesman, is shown by a letter he addressed to Archdeacon Wilberforce when, in April 1851, the blow of Manning's submission to Rome had fallen.

'I do indeed feel the loss of Manning,' he then wrote, 'if and as far as I am capable of feeling anything. It comes to me cumulated and doubled with that of James Hope. Nothing like it can

ever happen to me again. Arrived now at middle life I can never form, I suppose, with any other two men the habits of communication, counsel and dependence in which I have now for from fifteen to eighteen years lived with them both.'[1] 'In a late letter the Cardinal termed it a quarrel,' Mr. Gladstone wrote long after, 'but in my reply I told him it was not a quarrel but a death, and that was the truth.'

The tone of the lament sounds strangely in the ears of those who, for good or for ill, have left behind them the days when a change of religion represented almost necessarily a severance of the closest ties. In the present case the separation was for some twelve years complete; and though intercourse was in a measure resumed after that date, the communications which then passed between the old comrades, though couched in the language of affectionate intimacy, were for the most part confined to mere matters of business. In a letter addressed to a correspondent who had drawn the Archbishop's attention to the attempt of a daily paper to damage Mr. Gladstone in public estimation by insinuations that an understanding had existed between the two on the question of the disestablishment of the Irish Church, the

[1] 'Life of Gladstone.' John Morley.

Archbishop, indignantly repudiating the suggestion, gave an account both of their former friendships and of the suspension of it consequent upon his conversion. If, in more recent years, official duties had caused a certain renewal of intercourse, his communications with Mr. Gladstone, he said, had only differed from those he had held with other public men because, whilst they were strangers, 'Mr. Gladstone was and is the man whose friendship has been to me one of the most cherished and valued in my life.' Yet, though coming forward to clear the minister from any suspicion he might incur by reason of his connection with himself, the Archbishop had clung to the belief that a friendship can continue in spite of divergent opinion, of opposed interests, and of the absence of all by which such bonds are cemented. To his indignation at the attack directed in 1874 by the Liberal leader against the body he represented, was added therefore the sting of wounded and personal feeling.

By some the blow, delivered four years after the promulgation of the Vatican decrees which were its ostensible *raison d'être*, was attributed to anger and disappointment on Gladstone's part at the rejection of his Irish University Bill by the

Irish episcopate, and the consequent fall of the Government. Manning did not share this opinion. On the night of the defeat he had been told by the minister that he was without disappointment and without resentment, and had believed him. Yet he noted as a curious fact, and somewhat inconsistently, that the same subject—that of a University for Ireland—had involved him in collisions with both the Conservative and Liberal leaders. 'Disraeli,' he observed, 'kept his head, but not his temper, Gladstone lost both.'

As a matter of fact, the Archbishop would have willingly seen the University Bill accepted. As he and Delane left the House of Commons together on the night—February 13, 1873—that it had been introduced, the latter observed that it was a bill 'made to pass,' and Manning cordially agreed; writing to Cardinal Cullen to urge its acceptance. A fortnight later he informed Gladstone that he had reason to hope that this would be the case—he himself having done what he could to promote that end. But the views of the Irish hierarchy differed from those of the Archbishop of Westminster, and by March 7 he was aware of the fact. 'This is not your fault, nor the bill's fault,' he wrote to Gladstone after his defeat, 'but the fault of

England and Scotland, and three anti-catholic centuries.'[1]

The following year came Gladstone's attack. Whatever might have been its originating cause, the form it took, in the assertion that, by the late decrees, Roman Catholics were rendered incapable of fulfilling the obligations of civil allegiance, was keenly resented by the Archbishop. To those who regard the question from the standpoint of the present day, it may seem singular that so much passion should have been evoked on either side by a controversy since proved—whatever may be the case in foreign countries—to have little practical bearing upon English politics. But it must not be forgotten that, forty years ago, Mr. Gladstone's charge was invested, in the eyes of many of his countrymen, with a dangerous significance, justifying the heat with which it was repudiated on all hands. Offensive as it was to Roman Catholics in general, it was specially so to a man feeling the rights and duties of citizenship with peculiar force; and regarding it in some sense as a personal insult, the Archbishop lost no time in replying to the challenge, and in vindicating with angry bitterness the loyalty of his flock.

[1] 'Life of Gladstone.' John Morley.

From a literary point of view the answer elicited from Newman, in his letter to the Duke of Norfolk, remains the most permanent monument of a battle of words which has long ago lost its interest; but to Manning the literary aspect of the controversy was of small importance. What was of moment was to set himself and his Church right in the eyes of a nation who might be misled by the aspersions cast upon them. Categorically denying the interpretation placed upon the recent decrees by Mr. Gladstone, he emphatically affirmed that, so far from Roman Catholics being thereby relegated to a position differing from that occupied by the rest of the nation, their civil allegiance was divided in no other sense than that of every man who, recognizing a divine or natural moral law, admitted the supremacy of conscience and of the law of God.

The argument is unanswerable, so far as the theoretical obligation of obedience is concerned. It will scarcely be contended that human law is always a synonym for justice, and it would be a libel upon the ordinary citizen to assert that the admonitions of conscience, should they chance, in any particular instance, to conflict with legal demands, would be less imperative than the injunctions of a Pope. The penalties in either

case would be the same, and the lawbreaker must be prepared to pay them. Argument, however, rarely convinces; and it seems strange—had it not been for his earnest desire to stand well with his countrymen—that the Archbishop should have devoted so much trouble and pains to disprove a charge that time might have been trusted to dispose of. The death-blow to a friendship was probably one of its most serious results; and the encounter of the two old comrades, apart from the public issues concerned, presents some curious and interesting features. In a letter to a newspaper, the Archbishop had, somewhat inopportunely, adverted to the personal aspect of the dispute, by the expression of his regret that a friendship of forty-five years should be thus for the first time overcast. With the eye of a politician quick to perceive a danger to his public reputation, Gladstone foresaw that, should he permit the words to pass unchallenged, they might lend colour to the accusation already brought against him, that not until he had no longer anything to lose or gain by the Irish vote had he abandoned an attitude of conciliation; and he took the opportunity in a second pamphlet to qualify the statement as an astonishing error; thereby drawing forth a private letter from

Manning, wherein he reiterated his former assertion, and added that his friendship had remained unaltered by a change affecting outward manifestations alone.

In his reply, Mr. Gladstone, besides making clear the motive dictating his desire to disclaim an unbroken friendship, cited, not without justice, its suspension during a period of twelve years, as well as more recent accusations and counter-accusations made and retorted in no moderate terms in regard to the Italian question.

It would have been better to let the matter rest; but with characteristic tenacity the Archbishop refused to abandon the position he had taken up. That outward separation had followed upon his submission to Rome he fully admitted; that the inner tie of affection had been consequently severed he as emphatically denied, so far, that is, as his own sentiments were concerned. 'It is not for me,' he wrote, 'to say whether your friendship for me was already changed. In the midst of our strong opposition, I still believed it as unchanged as my own.'

No doubt the statesman was right, the Archbishop wrong. To imagine that a friendship, vulnerable, like all things human, to influences from without, could remain unaltered through twelve

years of a silence broken only by outward discord, was in truth the vision of a dreamer, singular in a man with so little of the dreamer about him as Archbishop Manning. By the controversy of 1874-5 the delusion was effectually dispelled, and he was left the poorer. 'There is strength as well as delicacy,' says Frederick Robertson, 'in one who can still respect, and be just to the memory of obliterated friendship.' Perhaps neither of these two had been altogether equal to the strain put upon them.

Upon the Vatican Council had followed other important European events—the Franco-Prussian war, with the invasion of Rome, involving the loss of the Temporal power, and naturally engrossing in great measure the attention of a man whose sympathies were passionately enlisted on the side of the dispossessed Pope.

By such matters the Archbishop's social work in England was only affected in so far as they left him the less leisure to devote to other than ecclesiastical duties, and may thus have contributed to postpone the inauguration of his secular labours. But in 1871 his presence for the first time upon a Mansion House Committee foreshadowed the days when he would be an almost indispensable member of all such bodies.

In this case the Committee had been formed for the purpose of relieving the distress in Paris consequent upon the war; and in the communications addressed to his brother prelate, Monseigneur Darboy, Manning was the natural representative and spokesman of the London Committee. In January, when the eyes of all men were fixed upon the unfortunate city, it further became his duty to use his vain endeavours to avert the doom awaiting its Archbishop, then fallen into the hands of the Commune, and soon to become its victim.

But although, during the first years of his episcopate, the attention and thoughts of the new Archbishop had been necessarily diverted in great measure into channels unconnected with social grievances and their remedies, his convictions on subjects of the kind had become known. In December 1872, an invitation to preside at a meeting at Exeter Hall on behalf of the Agricultural Labourers' Union is evidence that he had then been fully recognised as an ally by those bent upon bettering the condition of the poor.

Lest the interests of the newly-founded association should be injured by the prominence accorded to him, he declined to occupy the chair. Present

at the meeting, however, in conjunction with Sir Charles Trevelyan, Mr. Mundella, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Odgers, Mr. Arch, and others, he took part in the proceedings, moving the first resolution and urging the necessity of a reconstitution of the domestic life of the labouring poor. Having fully testified his sympathy with the objects of the meeting, it was in strict conformity with his principles, and in accordance with the intention he had expressed, that when so notorious and aggressive an assailant of the Christian religion as Mr. Bradlaugh appeared upon the platform, the Archbishop withdrew. He was sorry, he afterwards said, that the meeting had been diverted from the purpose for which it was called and for which he had attended it.

If he had not hesitated to risk giving offence by making a public stand upon a question of principle, he was on the other hand in no wise disturbed by the protests called forth in an opposite quarter by his presence at Exeter Hall, or by the charge that he was thereby fanning the flame of agrarian agitation. That his name should be coupled with that of Mr. Arch gave him, he declared, no displeasure. He believed him to be honest and good, his cause to be well founded, and trusted in his using no means to

promote it other than those sanctioned by the law of God and of the land.

That it was becoming increasingly understood that the Archbishop of Westminster was to be counted upon as an active and outspoken supporter of popular rights, is proved by another invitation, received two years later, to deliver a lecture to the members of the Leeds Mechanics' Institute; on which occasion he made a public and full declaration of his convictions on social matters.[1]

Selecting the subject of the Dignity and Rights of Labour, the Archbishop began his address by an explanation of the motives leading him to accept a call 'to launch upon a venture so far beyond his ordinary navigation, and into a deep he had not sounded;' proceeding to reiterate the views he was holding with a firmer and firmer grasp as to the duty and necessity of co-operation between men of divers opinions for the good of the nation to which all alike belonged. To meet upon what the president of the Institute had termed the neutral platform, 'so entirely fell in with what I conceive to be a high dictate of our

[1] Mr. Purcell places the delivery of this lecture in 1877. Mr. Hutton ascribes it to March 1876. It may possibly have been repeated; but the date of January 28, 1874, is that affixed to it in the 2nd Vol. of Miscellanies, published in 1877.

duty that I could no longer hesitate. I mean this—that in everything of private life, and everything of domestic and civil and political life, we have but one common interest—the welfare of our common country. If there be divergencies, as there must be, as always have been, and as I fear there always will be, it seems to me that it is the duty of every one of us to strive that they should be suspended at least in every region of our public and private life wheresoever it is possible.'

The subject he had chosen for treatment was one upon which his opinions were likely to conflict with many of the men whose judgment he would have valued. But it was no part of the Archbishop's theory of life and conduct to be over careful in the avoidance of rocks or reefs or chances of collision ; nor was he used to measure his language with a view to conciliate public opinion.

Clearing the way by the statement that labour, rather than capital or even skill, was the cause of wealth and the origin of greatness, he proceeded further to the definition of labour itself. When worthy of the name, it was the honest exertion of the powers of body and mind for a man's own good and that of his neighbour—the law of existence, the law also of development. Capital, on

the other hand, was not money alone, but the muscular, mental, manual, and mechanical power created by labour. For the honest labourer, unskilled as well as skilled, he claimed the respect due to the dignity of his state and of his work.

In dealing, after the dignity, with the rights of labour, he found himself confronted with more complicated questions; being careful to preface what he said by the explanation that he was not communistic, and — making a not unimportant distinction—had 'no will to be revolutionary.' For labour he claimed the rights of property. With it the possessor could buy and sell, he could exchange it, set a price upon it. 'I claim for labour (and the skill which is always acquired by labour) the rights of capital. It is capital in the truest sense.' It was, in fact, live money. Dead capital and live must be united. Whatever rights were possessed by capital, labour no less possessed.

Labour, moreover, had, amongst its rights, the right of liberty—the right of the labourer to determine where and for whom he would work. Though in no capricious or extortionate fashion, he must be judge and controller of his own life, paying the penalty should he abuse this freedom. He had also the right to decide upon what wages

he could subsist, again paying the penalty should he price his labour too high.

Labour had another right—that of protecting itself. Throughout the history of civilisation trades and professions had always been united together in societies and fellowships. 'It seems to me that this is a sound and legitimate social law. I can conceive nothing more entirely in accordance with natural rights and with the higher jurisprudence than that those who have one common interest should unite together for the promotion of that interest.' Such unions had always been recognised by the legislature; employers or employed, those possessing the dead capital of money or the live capital of labour, had all been admitted to possess the same rights; and so long as men were honestly submissive to the supreme reign of law, they were justified in forming themselves into self-protecting organisations.

And then, whilst professing his adherence to the laws of supply and demand, free exchange and the safety of capital, the Archbishop proceeded to avow his dissent, on one point at least, from the principles of political economy. Political economists denounced parliamentary or state interference with any form soever of supply and demand. He held, on the contrary, that there were cases in

which the principle of Free Trade was met and checked by a moral condition. Such, for example, was the question of the price of intoxicating drink. Such was the question of the limitation of hours of labour.

Were the object and end of existence that England should undersell all other nations, well and good. But if the domestic life of the people were more vital, if the peace and purity of homes were sacred, then hours of labour must be regulated and limited. Already, at the instance of Lord Shaftesbury, the principle of interference had been admitted by the regulation of child labour. Parliament should go further in the same direction. The question must be faced 'calmly, justly, and with a willingness to put labour and the profits of labour second to the moral state and the domestic life of the whole working population.'

And lastly he touched briefly upon the miserable condition of the London poor. 'These things,' he said, 'cannot go on; these things ought not to go on. The accumulation of wealth in the land, the piling up of wealth like mountains, in the possession of classes or of individuals, cannot go on if these moral conditions of our people are not healed. No commonwealth can rest on such foundations.'

In conclusion, nothing, he asserted, could limit the rights of the working man, except wrongdoing. If he committed a wrong action, the strong might retaliate. If he did no wrong, the supreme power of law was there to protect him.

In the principles thus enunciated there was no attempt at originality or novelty. That they should be avowed by a Roman Catholic dignitary, invited to address a body of British workmen, formed in some sort a new departure, and was as certain to draw forth unfavourable comment in some quarters as it was to commend the Archbishop to those struggling for their legitimate rights. But from first to last he never shrank from the open expression of his opinions, more especially with regard to what he described in the last year of his life as the three gangrenes inevitably destroying the life of the English commonwealth—its human and domestic life—for the enrichment of a handful of capitalists and landowners. These three plagues were the land laws since Henry VIII. and Charles II.; the relations of capital and labour during the last hundred years of selfish political economy; and the drink trade, fostered by capitalists and favoured by Government for the sake of revenue.

Having once set his hand to the redress of

social evils, he was to know little more rest. Work was soon crowding upon him. All were eager to enlist his sympathy and support; nor was any question dealing with a wrong to be set right, an injury to be repaired, an evil to be denounced or combated, beyond the sphere of his labours. Not to mention his great Temperance work, to which a separate chapter will be devoted, it is difficult to understand, bearing in mind the duties appertaining to his ecclesiastical position, how any one man can have combined avocations so many and various. Whether by means of his pen, or personally, he was ever in the field; and in order to form a conception of the manifold nature of his toil and the inclusiveness of his interests, it may be well, though out of chronological order, to enumerate some of his appearances on public platforms or intercourse with public bodies.

During the year 1872, acting as president at the International Prison Congress, he struck the key-note of the line he had marked out for himself on these occasions, by making an open avowal of his deliberate intention of working in conjunction with men of opinions differing from his own, and of performing such duties as the present one as neutrally as possible. 'Holding a profound conviction that on all those occasions which laid on

my conscience a public duty, I am bound to be as outspoken—I may say as explicit and determined —in expressing what I believe as my office requires; so on all other occasions, when I am not bound to make these declarations or to bear these testimonies, I desire to identify myself with the majority of those I love and respect. But outside the circle and the pale of that one subject, I know of no other relating to our political, our social, our industrial welfare, in which it is not in my power to work with the same energy, and the same entire devotion of heart and feeling, as any other man in England.'

After that fashion he worked until the end of his life. Following upon the Prison Congress came the meeting of the Agricultural Labourers' Union. In 1874 he occupied the chair at a meeting of the Society of Arts; and received in 1881 a deputation of agricultural labourers who, waiting upon him with reference to the Irish Land Bill, obtained his sanction to the Land League, 'so long as it operated within the limits of the law, human and divine.' At the celebration, at the Guildhall in August 1884, of the Jubilee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, he was one of the speakers, denouncing in impassioned language the horrors still taking place, and pointing out the

obligations binding England, above every other nation, to give freedom to all men. During the same year he was working on the Royal Commission for securing the better housing of the poor. More regular in his attendance at the meetings of the Commission than any others, with few exceptions, of its members, he joined in drawing up the Report embodying the results of its labours in 1885; delivering in addition an address at the Mansion House on the 'intolerable evil' in question, and the obstacles to be overcome before it could be removed.

In May 1886, he took part in meetings, both of the National Association for Promoting State-directed Colonisation, and of the Shop Hours League and Trades Parliamentary Association. The shortening of hours of labour had long been a subject of interest to him, 'having no desire nearer to my heart than to see your lot, which is heavy indeed, lightened and brightened by any effort which can be made.'

No question, in fact, relating to the welfare of the poor, men, women, and children, found him indifferent. He had time and leisure for each. Not a class or section of the people were out of the range of his sympathies, or denied a right to count upon his help. As the years went by, the

numbers of those who made good their claim to it was ever on the increase. In 1875 the highest ecclesiastical dignity had been conferred upon him, and he was earning the name of the people's Cardinal.

CHAPTER V

Elevation to the Cardinalate—Manning's Position in England—Poverty of the Church—his Financial Position.

IT was when he had been labouring at Westminster for close upon ten years that the highest distinction, save one, that the Church has to give was bestowed upon Archbishop Manning. On March 6, 1875, his elevation to the Cardinalate was announced. Surprise had been felt in some quarters that the step had been so long delayed, and the news was received with a general satisfaction marking the position he had achieved in the esteem of his countrymen. The temper of England had changed since the days—not so long ago—when a tempest of indignation had swept over it at the time of the 'papal aggression.' Public opinion had indeed shifted with curious rapidity; and the toleration won by the chief representative of a hierarchy whose establishment had given so much offence was exemplified to a singular degree by the precedence accorded to the Archbishop of Westminster at the Union Jubilee at Oxford in 1873, when the place assigned to

him, below the Primate and the Chancellor of the University, was above all the other guests, including the Bishop of Oxford. Anger and fear alike had passed away; partly no doubt owing to the calming action of time, partly to the tact and skill of the pilot who steered the vessel. Wheresoever it had been possible, he had sedulously avoided friction between the body he represented and the mass of the nation. Wherever it was possible he was ready to recognise the justice accorded to his flock, as well as to vindicate their right to trust and confidence. In small things, no less than in great, his anxiety in these respects was apparent, whether shown in a public acknowledgment of the fairness displayed in the treatment of Roman Catholic prisoners and pauper children; or by a warning to the congregation assembled for the opening of a church at Canterbury to refrain, in visiting the Cathedral, from anything wounding to the susceptibilities of its present possessors. The course he pursued when made the object of an attack on the part of Mr. Newdegate, is an instance of his determination to leave unrefuted no assertion calculated to injure him in the eyes of the public. It might appear that the accusation—that of a *quasi* beatification of Guy Fawkes and his friends—would have been safely

left unanswered. But it may be that, in considering it worth while to publish, through his solicitors, a formal repudiation of the charge, the Archbishop gauged more correctly the degree of credulity inherent in Englishmen.

The result of his line of conduct was now apparent; and Sir George Jessel, Master of the Rolls, expressed a wide-spread sentiment when, congratulating him upon his new dignity, he added his conviction that few Englishmen, whatever might be their religious opinions, would not look upon his elevation to the Cardinalate in the light of a high compliment to their country. From the tone of the press it is plain that men were watching with a kindly interest what was termed by the *Times* the great experiment inaugurated by the appointment of—in a certain sense—the first English Cardinal since Reformation days—the first that is who, of English blood and English tradition, would be surrounded by Englishmen and would have to fight his battles on English principles and with English means and ways.

In similar language, and using slightly equivocal terms of praise, the *Spectator* expressed satisfaction at the honour conferred upon a man who, pre-eminently English, was proud of his nationality. Though Wiseman had striven to act

and speak as belonging to the nation, the writer added that he had never succeeded in wholly divesting himself of a foreign character. With his successor it was a different matter. An Englishman amongst Englishmen, he was at home. As a convert from the National Church it might have been expected that, holding extreme views on theological questions, he would have rendered the body he had joined unpopular. But such anticipations had been falsified. 'We pay a high compliment to his tact when we say, in no offensive spirit, that he knows how to come round his countrymen.'

Such was the position he had won in the eyes of the indifferent public after ten years of prominence, during which he had often been called upon to act as the representative of principles antagonistic to those of the great majority of Englishmen. To himself, apart from the gratified ambition persistently ascribed to him, his promotion must have been welcome, alike as a mark of personal affection from a friend, of recognition of loyal service from a master, and as enhancing and widening his opportunities. It was a token of approbation from headquarters none could gainsay, lending additional weight to his power and influence.

He had started for Rome before the news was

made public, and it was at the English college that the tidings were formally communicated to him; when the words he spoke in response were eminently characteristic. The honour being bestowed upon him at what he considered a time of danger to the church, he felt himself, he said, told off in the eyes of the world on a forlorn hope, but it was a forlorn hope certain of victory. In this sanguine spirit lay one of his chief sources of strength. It was true that, so far as the question of the day—that of the Temporal Power—was concerned, his expectation of victory was to prove fallacious; but, defeated on one part of the battlefield, he only transferred his flag to another, never doubting that ultimate defeat, to the man whose enemies were the enemies of the Almighty God, was impossible.

He did not linger long in Rome. The necessary ceremonies over, he returned to England invested with his new dignity, and by April had taken up anew his life's work at Westminster.

Whilst the distinction conferred upon him had undeniable advantages, it is not impossible that it brought with it certain cares and anxieties, in the increase of expenditure necessary to maintain the position of a Prince of the Church. He was not a rich man, and his slender income had been already

reduced by the demands upon it. Nor would he have had it otherwise. His glory, he once said, was to live for the poor, to labour for the poor, to die for the poor, and to be buried with the poor. For riches he had no desire and no use. His habits were simple to frugality, and he had few wants. What was less common than personal indifference to material prosperity, was his recognition of the advantages to his Church of poverty. For her, no more than for himself, did he covet wealth. Poverty was, in his eyes, a security for her energy and purity, and he openly rejoiced that, in the richest of all nations, the Catholic Church was poor. Unestablished, disendowed, she was the more free to do her work. 'My Church and I,' he once told Monseigneur Darboy, 'date, thank God, from the ages of Christianity when the Church was poor but free.' In a speech delivered at Birmingham he had again made his boast of her position, unfriended and independent. She came in this land, he said, not in union with royalty, not by statute of Parliament, not by favour of aristocracy; but in poverty was united to the people —the church of the poor all the world over. He was ever a consistent advocate of the disestablishment of the Church in France, in order that she might thus regain liberty and independence.

'Go,' he told French priests who visited him, 'go, ask for freedom to share the lot of the people; eat their bread, touch their heart, and conquer their souls for God.'

To be poor is one thing. To be harassed by the difficulty of meeting inevitable expenses is another. But any anxiety the new Cardinal may have felt with regard to the costs involved in his elevation was promptly removed by the spontaneous liberality of the richer members of his flock. It was known that the allowance of £400 a year made by the Vatican to Cardinal Wiseman, in order that he might be enabled to maintain the dignity of his office, had been an exceptional grant and would not be renewed. Under these circumstances a private subscription was set on foot, with the result that a sum of between six and seven thousand pounds was presented to the new Cardinal. The letter, addressed to the Duke of Norfolk, in which he acknowledged the gift, may in part be given here, as setting forth the financial position of a man who in spite of the office he filled, or rather by reason of it, had only been saved by private generosity from something approaching to pecuniary embarrassment.

Expressing his grateful appreciation of the

fashion in which the gift had been made, without any appeal to the general public or noising abroad of the matter, he proceeded to make a statement upon questions of money. 'Some two or three years ago, in a circular letter, I told you that I have no shame in begging for the spiritual need of the diocese, or for the Cathedral, but that I could not beg for anything which seemed to confer a personal benefit on myself. I hope there was no pride in this; if there be, I hope it may be forgiven. But in the work of true friendship which you have now fulfilled towards me, I say at once that anything beyond a private communication, eliciting with equal privacy an unconstrained spontaneous offering of free will, would have caused me great regret.' That he would have been relieved of the heavy expenses attending his elevation he had not doubted, since it had been done before in similar cases; but that help would be afforded towards his increased charges in the future had never entered his thoughts. And in recognition of the consideration and kindness shown him, he went on to explain the difficulties attending the financial position of the Archbishop of Westminster, hitherto known to few persons.

On his being made Archbishop, not only had the provision granted to his predecessor from

Rome ceased, but 'the mensal fund' had been divided with the diocese of Southwark. Had he not, therefore, possessed a very narrow income of his own, there would have been a yearly deficit of some hundreds. 'With the little I possessed, the See has never failed, year by year, to meet its expenses. But without my private means—and they have yearly become less in the work of the diocese, to which they will be altogether left—the income of the See would not have sufficed.' For the first time it was now enabled to meet its inevitable costs.

Such was the explanation he furnished to the men whose liberality had drawn it forth. So long as the need had pressed upon him, he had borne the burden in silence. Only when it had been removed did he speak. But in spite of the generosity of the Duke and his friends, the poor man's Cardinal was and remained poor; and this fact should be borne in mind. It is easy to exaggerate both the advantages and the disadvantages of material prosperity. It is also easy to judge harshly and unjustly of those who may be using the very position due to wealth as means to an end. Nevertheless it is hard to deny, that, save in exceptional cases, wealth has a tendency to interpose a barrier, not only between ease and want,

but between the rich and the comparatively poor. Each grade of society has its language, its customs and its habits, and in each a stranger, whether coming from above or below, remains a stranger, liable to be treated with a certain reserve. The consciousness, penetrating to the minds of the struggling poor around him, that the Cardinal Archbishop, Prince of the Church though he was, was living in careful economy, spending nothing that could be spared upon himself, nothing upon private gratification, may have been in part the cause of the ascendancy he maintained both over their hearts and their imagination. For this reason it has seemed worth while to enter at some length into the financial question. A passage in an autobiographical note six years later may close the subject. 'God knows,' he wrote in 1881, 'what little patrimony I had has long ago been laid up in His hands; and that if I die, as I hope, without debts, I shall die without a shilling.'

CHAPTER VI

Temperance Work—the United Kingdom Alliance—Gradual Development of Cardinal Manning's Views—Total Abstinence.

OF the purely philanthropic work done by Cardinal Manning, that connected with temperance was unquestionably the most important; and he himself has left it upon record that nothing in his public life had given him greater satisfaction. During the years whilst, before his consecration, he had laboured amongst the London poor, he had seen enough of their condition to render him acutely and painfully conscious of the urgent necessity of employing every available method of combating what he regarded as pre-eminently the cause of wickedness and misery amongst them; but it was, according to his own statement, through the United Kingdom Alliance that he became for the first time fully aroused to the greatness and extent of the evil. Speaking in the year 1882, he said that he had to thank that body for having drawn his attention to the subject some fifteen years earlier, 'when, after a long life already

spent, believing myself to know the condition of the people, as I have no doubt a multitude of good men do believe at this moment that they thoroughly know what is the state and danger of our population, I for the first time came to a knowledge of the real condition of the people, and the real demoralising power of this great drink traffic. I came to this knowledge through a deputation of good men—members of the United Kingdom Alliance—who wrote to me, and requested an interview. They came to my house, and the arguments they laid before me aroused my attention, and from that day I trace the whole knowledge that I possess, and I may say an intense feeling of indignation, and the resolution, as long as life lasts, never to stint or spare in word or deed to help the United Kingdom Alliance.'

Knowledge first; indignation next; lastly, unwearied work and co-operation. This was the result of that memorable interview. Yet, a year before it had taken place, the Archbishop had appointed a committee to enquire into the subject of drink, and to consider the means to be employed to meet the evil. A report had followed recommending the formation of a society; but a society of which one rule alone out of six dealt with total abstinence, and then only to apply the remedy to

persons habitually under the influence of intoxicating liquor.

The following year, and shortly before the interview with the deputation, a further step was taken, affording evidence that, if his knowledge was still incomplete, it was sufficient to forbid the Archbishop to remain inactive. His present measure was the issue of a pastoral containing a pledge binding whosoever signed it to refrain, for the space of one year, from entering a public house on Saturday nights or Sundays. Next came the deputation from the United Kingdom Alliance, headed by Dr. Dawson Burns, its Metropolitan Superintendent, who, in giving an account of the interview, testified to the anxiety displayed by the Archbishop to listen and learn. The claims of the great temperance organisation were pressed upon him, the Archbishop replying with a frank recognition of the importance of the movement represented by his visitors, and admitting the services he would personally be enabled to render to his own poor, could he see his way to join it. At present, however, this was not the case. He was not strong; his doctor insisted upon his taking a small quantity of wine; and he added—what many honest advocates of temperance are loath to allow—that he did not

feel justified in publicly advocating total abstinence to his very poor people, who had so many hardships to undergo, whilst forced to confess at the same time that wine was a necessity to himself.

What he could do he was prepared to do; and in the following October he attended a meeting of the Alliance in Manchester, and there delivered a speech denoting his zeal in the cause of temperance, being nevertheless careful to commit himself to no doctrine on the subject going beyond the convictions he held at that time. That the liquor traffic was an abominable evil was certain; the Alliance was promoting a measure he was able cordially to support, and he went to Manchester to say so. Further in the direction of total abstinence, he neither went nor professed to go, and his progress continued to be slow and cautious.

In 1868 he again received a visit from Dr. Dawson Burns, accompanied on this occasion by an American Temperance Reformer, Mr. Edward Delavan by name, who made an attempt to induce him to admit that the evil was inherent in the drink itself. It was unsuccessful. That doctrine, the Archbishop replied, had been condemned by the Church. It was the doctrine of the Manichæans; nor was he convinced by Dr. Dawson Burns, who

eagerly interposed, to point out that his friend's argument had been misunderstood, and that no such doctrine was implied. The Archbishop smiled. 'You were very quiet,' he said, 'and I suspect quiet people.'

Though for some three or four years longer he maintained the same attitude of dissent from the extremists of the temperance advocates, a Pastoral belonging to the year 1871 contained the deliberate and emphatic expression of his estimate of the evil at work; not only in its more palpable forms, but especially in the effect produced by habitual excess in the matter of drink upon the educated and wealthy classes. Excess in wine, he pointed out, was a thing distinct from drunkenness, and was indulged in by many persons guiltless of the last, and never suspected of it. It was a secret pestilence. Addressing himself, 'not to the poor, and the rude, and the turbulent, whose riot is in the streets, but to the rich and the refined and the educated . . . sheltered by the high civilisation of our social life from all grossness, and who would choose rather to die than to be marked by an act of excess, or even suspected of it,' he boldly made his charge against them in this matter. If excess in drink, tolerable in none, could be tolerated in any, it might be borne with

in the labouring poor, exhausted by toil and taken unawares in the thousand temptations which surround them. In others it was intolerable.

The Pastoral was a prelude of what was to come. The Archbishop was soon to take a further step, and one determining the lines upon which his crusade against intemperance was carried on until the end of his life. Early in 1872 Dr. Dawson Burns received a letter, requesting him to pay a visit to Archbishop's House.

'I want to tell you something,' the Archbishop wrote, 'that I am sure will please you.'

What that was Dr. Dawson Burns, on obeying the summons, learnt.

'I want to tell you what I have done,' said the Archbishop; 'I have signed the pledge. I have found it necessary to take a step in advance. I have been asked to speak on this subject by some of our people who are employed in a factory at Southwark, and I cannot go to them and tell them to do anything but to give up the drink. It is the only thing that will do them any good. But I cannot tell them to do that if I have not done it myself, and so I have signed the pledge.'

Thus he entered, fully and whole-heartedly, upon the work he never abandoned so long as life lasted, and upon a field in which some of his

greatest victories were won. In the May of that same year he made public confession of his convictions as to the effect of alcohol upon the will, gave an account of the gradual process by which he had arrived at his conclusions upon the subject, and at his ultimate realisation that strong drink was opposed to the development of man's best nature and faculties. From that time onwards he was the eager co-operator with all engaged in temperance work. 'He was large-minded on the one side, in regard to this work, and large-hearted on the other. He took in the whole needs of the case, if temperance were to triumph, and did not allow his views to be contracted or his sympathies to be narrowed by other considerations.' 'His public advocacy'—such is the testimony of the writer of a leading article in the *Alliance News*, when death had at last deprived the cause of one of its chief promoters—'his public advocacy was an immense advantage to the cause, but perhaps still more valuable was the weight of his private influence, and the aid of his wise counsels in seasons of emergency.'

His help was never lacking whenever it could be of assistance. At Exeter Hall he addressed meetings again and again, was foremost in opposition to the Compensation clauses,

and frequently expressed his convictions by means of articles in the magazines and reviews. At a meeting connected with the Temperance Hospital, he took the opportunity of deprecating the use of alcohol as a medicine if it could be dispensed with, adding that he had come to the conclusion that it could. In this last respect, his convictions only strengthened with years. A conspiracy, he once told his audience at a temperance meeting, had been formed against him. When he was lying ill at Paris, a rumour had gained currency that he had been ordered to drink wine and had obeyed. Even the League of the Cross had been deluded by the report. Let its members never believe anything of the kind again. In his last illness his firmness in refusing stimulants was said to have interposed difficulties in the way of his treatment.

He brought to the service of the cause he had embraced an enthusiasm stigmatised by opponents as that of a fanatic. 'Had I not taken the vow of abstinence,' he is quoted as saying, 'I should not dare to present myself before my Maker;' and presiding over a meeting held for the purpose of forming a new association, he recalled the fact that the last act of Father Mathew was to receive

the pledge from those who stood round his death-bed. 'I desire no better end for my reverend brethren around me,' added the Cardinal—'no better end for myself.'

Reports of his doings reached Rome, and an explanation was demanded. It took the form of a report on drunkenness, horrifying to those not acquainted with the condition of the London poor. 'In the Lord's name, go on,' came the reply from the Vatican.

Enthusiasm begets enthusiasm. To call in cold blood upon men to relinquish in cold blood what has been to many of them a chief source of enjoyment, however debased, a solace in hardship and suffering, would be difficult and probably ineffectual. The fervour of an apostle is needed to create the corresponding temper of mind and spirit in those upon whom it is brought to bear, and to render the required sacrifice, not indeed easy, but possible. To his mission the Archbishop brought that fervour, the passionate zeal arising from the conviction that upon the result of his appeal might depend the salvation or the destruction, body, soul and spirit, of the men and women to whom it was addressed. From the day when he set his hand to the work, he spared in it neither physical nor mental labour; even his autumn

'holidays' being spent for years, and until increasing age made it impossible, in carrying the war against drink into its northern strongholds, where he went from town to town preaching the gospel of temperance.

He had, at the first, but few active or convinced coadjutors amongst those of his own faith. Some indeed there were who proved most zealous co-operators in the work. But, looking back at the end of his career and reviewing his labours, the Cardinal has left it upon record, that for years he had stood almost alone. One man, nevertheless, can do much, when he is a Manning, and the great League of the Cross was the monument of the work accomplished.

Before arranging his methods of attacking the gigantic evil with which he had to deal, he made himself personally acquainted with the strength of the enemy. Not content to receive his facts at second hand, he visited, attended by a single priest, the slums of Drury Lane, and learned to measure the forces arrayed against him before settling upon his plan of campaign. When that plan was matured, it took the form of the foundation of the organisation which, under his presidency, proved so astonishing a success.

Started in the course of the same year—1872—

in which he had formally accepted the principle of total abstinence as a working basis, the League of the Cross began in a meeting in the schoolroom of the Italian church, Hatton Gardens, where the priests had long been labouring to carry on the work inaugurated by Father Mathew.

Looking upon the crowded audience, collected from all parts of London, 'Who is there here,' asked the Archbishop, 'that took the pledge from Father Mathew?' then, as some seventeen hands were held up, 'tell me,' he enquired, 'what we can do to restore his work amongst us?'

'Call upon the clergy to take the lead,' was the answer, 'and to guide us.'

'I will call upon no man,' replied the Archbishop, 'to do what I am not prepared to do myself; and I, as it is my duty as your pastor and your Bishop, will be your leader.'

'I hope,' he said four years later, giving, at a meeting in Exeter Hall, an account of the origin of the League of the Cross, 'I hope I have kept my word, and God helping me, it shall not be broken.'

Nor was it. The work then started was never discontinued so long as the Archbishop drew breath. The eye of the master was always

upon it, his personal care fostering it. It was set on foot at once; a meeting in October of this same year on Clerkenwell Green being already the fifth of a series; when, standing in the rain amidst a crowd numbering some four or five thousand, he enrolled hundreds of new recruits in the League as they knelt before him. Temperance work was never permitted to be crowded out by other interests, however engrossing. From Rome, whither he had gone to be admitted into the sacred College, he wrote expressing his disappointment at his enforced absence from the meeting of the League to be held in Exeter Hall on St. Patrick's Day, and sending his blessing, with messages of admonition and encouragement, to its members. Again, after an absence from England extending over nearly six months, when, in 1878, he had been detained in Rome by the illness and death of Pope Pius IX., he is found, less than a fortnight after his return, at St. Anne's, Spital-fields, enrolling in the League of the Cross five hundred working boys, girls, and children. Even in the description of the scene supplied by the *Times*, the note of emotion is curiously felt—the Cardinal 'deeply affected,' the children proud and happy, offering their special thanks, in an address of welcome, that to them his first visit on

his return to England had been paid; and the Cardinal in his reply telling his hearers that he would prize their address as far dearer and more pleasing than any congratulations he had ever received.

So he laboured. And his labour was not fruitless. Summarising, in later years, the progress made, he was able to state that thirty branches of the League then existed in London, besides nearly twenty elsewhere, and that its four yearly festivals had been like the four solemnities of the church.

No thought, no care, no toil, had been spared to ensure the success of the new organisation. In its arrangements the founder showed the eye of an artist for effect, combined with the perception of a man of the world and a student of human nature of the uses to which outward display can be put. More important still was his power of adapting his language to his audience and of touching their hearts. On August 24th, 1874, was held the first of the great demonstrations of the League which, becoming one of its distinguishing features, were so effectual in impressing the imagination of men, and in rendering them proud of the body they had joined. In the opera theatre of the Crystal Palace, the Archbishop addressed a meeting,

afterwards speaking to the crowds in the gardens without. As he talked of the curses attendant upon drink, of homes desolated and of wrecked lives, the contagion of his enthusiasm and of his pity infected the listening multitudes, and men sobbed in response. It is easy to scoff at such scenes, easy to hold up to scorn the emotionalism displayed. In taking account of the practical effect of the sober and strenuous labour of which they were no more than the occasional effervescence, the outcome and accompaniment, it is not so easy to deny that emotionalism, the result of an appeal to the imagination and to the heart, has its legitimate use in investing with its glamour the hard and steep path of sacrifice and renunciation.

The League was intended to act as a preventive, as well as a curative, organisation. Thousands of children were enrolled in it, nor was it limited to those amongst their elders who might be said to stand in serious need of acquiring habits of temperance. 'Don't say that,' the Cardinal would plead when it was called a confraternity of penitent drunkards, 'I am its president and its chaplain.'[1]

And under its president and chaplain it grew

[1] 'Cardinal Manning.' A. W. Hutton, p. 163.

and prospered. In its formation and arrangement the Archbishop was not above learning a lesson from bodies from which, in some respects, he dissented; and in the methods of the Salvation Army he discerned, as will be seen hereafter, a genuine and powerful method of grappling with evil and of marshalling the forces arrayed against it. The work of the Army, he once wrote, was too real to be any longer disregarded and ascribed to the devil; and in the organisation of the League of the Cross he borrowed from the system proved so efficacious by General Booth. The new Society possessed officers of its own, military titles and badges; and presently a bodyguard was formed, originating in the need of preventing undue pressure on the part of the throngs accustomed to crowd round the president. Proud to be designated the Cardinal's Guard, these men were distinguished from the rest of the members of the League by coloured sashes, and played a foremost part in the great yearly demonstrations. Year by year, the vast procession had its march past, watched by their chief, as with beating of drums they defiled before him; and year by year the increasing numbers taking part in the show testified to the success of his work. The fame of it spread; it became a phenomenon to be taken

into account; and to the effect of the machinery he had set in motion upon a class—the London Irish—standing in special need of it, the secular press bore witness:

'The cause of abstinence,' said the *Standard*, 'has never found a more able advocate.'

Some lookers on, it is true, added a sneer to their recognition of the work done. It appeared to these commentators impossible to believe a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic to be moved by a pure desire to redeem the people committed to his care, and others, from the tyranny of drink, and to turn them into self-respecting members of society. Discerning in his unwearied labours for this ostensible object an ulterior motive, the Cardinal's power over the masses was strangely ascribed at a later date, by one newspaper, to his advocacy of temperance; and it was implied that he had made use of the engine of total abstinence as a means of gaining proselytes. He knew drink to be a destructive vice, temperance to be a virtue; was aware that abstainers were increasing in number, and that religion would reap the benefit. Of course, the writer went on to say with a show of impartiality, some might rail at all this and object to such a line of conduct, but they were men who knew little of the masses

and were ignorant of what must be done to win them. They might accuse [*sic*] the Cardinal who, to serve his flock and his church, deprived himself of enjoyment and rest, so long as he might bring over the former to his way of thinking. 'But while they are laughing he is working, and with what success let any one who knows London and its people well attempt to estimate.'

The passage, with its covert insinuation of double dealing, is worth quoting as an instance of the attitude of some who looked on at the movement. The generous tribute of the United Kingdom Alliance and of its chief, Dr. Dawson Burns, may be allowed to dispose of the charge that the Cardinal had thrown himself into the cause of temperance as an underhand method of proselytism.

The distrust of such men was of little account. More serious was the fact that the course he pursued was strongly disliked by not a few amongst his own brethren. In the summer of 1884,[1] their disapproval found vent in a series of letters which, printed in the *Tablet*, were marked by unusual violence on the part of those opposed to the Cardinal's advocacy of total abstinence, one of the writers in particular rejoicing that public

[1] Not in 1888, as stated by Mr. Purcell.

expression had at last been given to the reflections and conversations of thousands of Catholics against the uncatholic speeches and sentiments of fanatical teetotallers, and that the 'almost universal protests' had found voice. For several weeks the attack was carried on with vigour, though not without reply on the part of the minority enlisted on their Archbishop's side—the last letter printed before the correspondence was closed containing a singular suggestion, which might almost have been imagined to be the adroit device adopted by a partisan to discredit his opponents. Why, asked the writer, should the pledge not be taken as against beer and spirits, but not against wine, thus enabling those to whom it was administered to drink a little of the latter for their health's sake, whilst they would still perform an act of mortification, and give an example which would bring them the blessing of God? In other and plainer language, why should not the poor be induced to abandon their luxuries, whilst the rich would remain in undisturbed possession of their own?

Very human in his susceptibilities, the Cardinal keenly resented the aspersions made upon him, not only by irresponsible writers but—under a pseudonym—by the Bishop of Nottingham. Disapproval, however, from the one quarter or the

other, did no more than strengthen him in the position he had taken up.

'If we were ever on God's side in a battle,' he wrote to a priest who was a fellow-worker in the cause of temperance, and had thrown himself into the fray in the defence of his Archbishop, 'it is now, when we are using, *i.e.*, giving up, our Christian liberty for the salvation of souls. If others think to save more souls by using their liberty to drink wine, let us wait for the Last Day. I have borne years of reproval and shame in this matter, and I often say, "I am a fool for Christ's sake" . . . And now, do not fear. When I began, only two priests in London helped me. Now there are about forty . . . and almost all are doing something. Everything is going onward. God forbid that we, Catholic priests, should be left behind in self-denial for the love of souls by those who are not in the unity of the Truth.'

From the educated laity it appears that the Cardinal received scanty sympathy or help. 'I have piped to them and they have not danced,' he once complained, 'there is not one gentleman who will give up one glass of sherry to help me in the battle.'

Besides the exception often taken to the fundamental principle on which the work was based,

minor points of difference were the cause of friction in the management of the movement. Objections were made, as years went on, to the Cardinal's treatment of the men who went by the name of his bodyguard, and were, in some sort, charged with the supervision of the temperance work in the various districts of the diocese. His special delegates, they attended weekly at Westminster to make a personal report of their progress; and it was rumoured that not only were they admitted to terms of overmuch equality with their chief, but that—presuming on his favour—they had been known to treat the priests of the missions in which their work lay with small respect.

Whether these charges were justified or not, dissension was probably unavoidable between the Cardinal's deputies, imbued with his principles and fired by his enthusiasm, and priests out of sympathy with the total abstinence movement, to whom they probably appeared in the light of unwelcome intruders. It was also natural that the intimacy existing between the Cardinal democrat and the men of all classes to whom he was bound by the tie of a common interest, should be disliked by others.

To reports furnished by these officers of the

League, exaggerating or misrepresenting the sentiments of the priests with whom they came into collision, Cardinal Manning's biographer attributes the note, dated 1890, which he prints. It is fair to take the possibility he suggests into account; but the statements then made by the Cardinal must nevertheless be regarded as his final and deliberate judgments. The question whether or not they were justified would be best tested by an examination and comparison of the present condition and efficiency of the League of the Cross, or of any like temperance organisation, with the period during which it enjoyed the supervision, direction, and support of its founder.

'In the total abstinence movement,' he wrote, 'the aspiration of our people has been higher than that of the clergy. The chief discouragement has come from priests . . . I have deliberately made myself "a fool for Christ's sake" in this matter, and set my face as a flint. When I thought in Paris that I might never come back in 1877, one of my happiest thoughts was that "we had saved many poor drunkards." I hope whoever comes after me will have the courage to face the criticism and the ridicule of not the fools only, but the half-hearted wise. Our poor men are an example and a rebuke to us. They founded and have

maintained the League of the Cross: we have only led it.'

For the rest, in this final note in reference to the League, a denial to the charges of his biographer as to his method of dealing with his subordinates, clerical and lay, seems to be given. Noting with thankfulness the increase in the number of priests who co-operated in the work of temperance—those attending at the yearly demonstrations amounting to about eighty—the Cardinal explicitly declared that, though the League of the Cross had created a sort of vigilance society, it found fault with nobody, and that though total abstainers, even amongst the priests who occupied the position of presidents, were in a minority, the men made no criticism. Were a priest known to be intemperate they would do so; but they did not complain if he were not a total abstainer.

With pardonable pride the Cardinal went on to describe the strength of the organisation—its London branches, numbering over forty, his 1,400 Guards and hundreds of boy Guards. 'The League,' he concluded, 'has taken hold of the people, especially the working men. It was this that gave me a hold in the Strike of last year, not only of my own men but also of the Englishmen, who were as two to one. I pray God that my suc-

cessor will humbly and with his whole heart go into the midst of the people as I have tried to do, and will give to the League of the Cross a warm and encouraging countenance.'

The work done by the League amongst the young was to him a special cause of encouragement. The old would go, but the new generation was furnishing recruits to fill the gaps; and he had the rash faith in the permanence of his work perhaps necessary to sustain effort and enthusiasm.

'When I was ill,' he once said, after sickness had temporarily withdrawn him from his labours, 'I heard that somebody had said "When he is gone, the League of the Cross will go." I said to myself, "No, the League of the Cross will not go. . . . Whatever will become of me, the League of the Cross will not die."'

The words, with their ring of happy confidence, are not without a pathetic significance. Yet, perhaps more than by any of his other work, he had proved by his labours in the cause of temperance, what one man can do for a generation.

CHAPTER VII

Consistency—Manning and the Temporal Power—Early Views—Change of Opinion—Regret at the Policy of the Vatican.

THERE are men who are called consistent. They form their opinions upon a subject, or a set of subjects, with consideration and care or without it; and thenceforward resolutely refuse—not infrequently as if refusal was a virtue—to allow them to be modified, either by outward changes or by inward growth. It does not occur to such persons to re-consider their views in the light of increased experience. Their method has its advantages. It not only safeguards the man who pursues it from the charge of fickleness or caprice, but imparts a certain spurious strength to conviction, rendering it, as Hazlitt confessed of some of his own conclusions, 'as incorrigible to proof as need be.'

Others are not satisfied with this method of proceeding, and keep an open mind until the end. The final stage of their development is never reached until death puts the coping stone to the edifice of their faith; they are prepared at all

times to admit new factors into their outlook on life and on the conduct of life; and to allow that former opinions, even if not altogether unfounded, have been rendered unworkable by the course of events. They refuse to be fettered by their own past. 'If I utter no word that I should like to unsay,' wrote St. Augustine, 'I am nearer being a fool than a wise man.'

Cardinal Manning belonged to this last class. He was ready throughout to adapt his methods to his enlarged experience and widened knowledge. If consistency was a virtue, he held that it was also capable of becoming 'a vice and a disease.' He had not shrunk, in theological matters, from cutting himself adrift from his ancient moorings, and in the secular sphere he acted in a like spirit.

On two subjects in particular his opinions underwent, as years passed by, a marked and notable change. These were the subjects of the Temporal Power of the Pope and Irish affairs.

Into the first, mainly connected with his ecclesiastical position, it is not necessary here to enter at length. But the alteration effected in his attitude with regard to a question upon which he had felt so strongly; the reasons for the change, and his fearless candour in avowing it, are too characteristic of the man, too closely connected with his

democratic sympathies and his methods, to be altogether omitted from the present study.

The vehemence and passion with which the cause of the Temporal Power was taken up by many of its defenders may be difficult of comprehension to those to whom it may seem to lie altogether outside the inner circle occupied by questions of vital importance to the Catholic Church. But it must be remembered that it is at all times hard to gauge or limit enthusiasm for what wears the guise of a principle; and that principle was in this case represented by a spiritual sovereign commanding the devoted loyalty of those who owed him allegiance. Moreover, the instinct—a healthy one on the whole—bidding men rise up in defence of what is assailed, is inherent in human nature. The tragedy of many lives, it has been pointed out, is contained in the fact that they are doomed to be spent in combats in which defeat is not only inevitable, but destined ultimately to serve the very cause at issue: 'We are compelled by our moral nature to labour and die for a predoomed cause, even as our bodily nature struggles to the bitter end against the relentless forces of dissolution.'[1] The great fire of London was the cleansing of the city, but what should be said of

[1] 'Oil and Wine.' Rev. G. Tyrrell.

the man who watched the conflagration with folded hands? When failure follows upon effort, it is the few alone, far-sighted, wise, and faithful, who, having done their best to avert it, can accept the event as the judgment of God, and leave the issue to Him. So long as eyes are misted with passion or sorrow, it is difficult to discern the true character of what wears the disguise of misfortune, or to penetrate its incognito. Such passion and sorrow may account for the sentiments with which many men, and Manning amongst them, regarded the loss of the Temporal Power.

He had espoused its cause, when it was first menaced, with so much violence as to incur censure at Rome; certain statements in his lectures on the subject being considered at the least inopportune, and the lectures themselves being strangely enough threatened with the Index. Nor were his private utterances less unrestrained. 'The Italians have forced their way into Rome,' he wrote in a letter of 1870, 'and as I believe that there is a God that judgeth the earth, so sure I am that their doom will not tarry.' Confident in the ultimate triumph of the Holy See over the forces arrayed against its temporalities, he denounced its opponents in a fashion wholly unmodified by the fact that they were associated with principles of nationality and

liberty peculiarly calculated to make their appeal to his personal sympathies. The letter he addressed to Mr. Cardwell, on the occasion of Garibaldi's visit to England in 1864, is couched in terms of scornful and vehement invective illustrative of his temper of mind at that date. Had he been called upon in later years to express a judgment upon the great Italian patriot it might have remained severe, but it is difficult to believe that his language would have been the same. On the more abstract point at issue, his views certainly underwent a marked change. Though he continued until the end to regard the taking of Rome as a legalised robbery, he was sagacious enough, where the infringement of no law, moral or divine, was involved, to adapt a policy to new conditions; and sufficiently open-eyed to discover, in what he had regarded as an unmitigated evil, compensating advantages—the advantages accruing to a church robbed and disinherited of being thereby brought closer to those—also robbed, also disinherited—whom it was her mission to draw into the fold. Were she to be persecuted and spoiled, he wrote in 1883, she would be but the stronger and purer. A wealthy church would fare ill with a Commune, and be out of sympathy with the peoples.

Time and experience had been necessary to

produce this temper of mind. As the years had gone by, and no sign was perceptible portending the fulfilment of his anticipations that the Pope would be re-instated in his temporal sovereignty, the Cardinal's sanguine spirit had learnt to adjust itself after this fashion to the circumstances, and to find in them fresh grounds for hope. The past, he acknowledged, could not return. Were the Temporal Power ultimately restored, it would be under new conditions. The old dynastic world was moribund, a new world of the peoples was replacing it, and the ancient European Christendom was widening into a Christendom embracing east, west, and south.

Such being his later convictions, the attitude maintained at the Vatican was matter to him of keen regret. He was not the man to stand at the grave of a dead past, wasting precious time in vain laments; and with his strong sense of the duties of citizenship, it was natural that he should be fully alive to the evils of a policy forbidding Catholics to take their due share in the public life of Italy, condemning them to an inertia only too likely to become habitual, and virtually depriving them of their civic and political rights. He had seen and felt the result, in England, of the disabilities under which the Roman Catholic body

had there long laboured. To his strenuous spirit it was grievous that the like disabilities should be voluntarily inflicted upon the Catholics of Italy; and reckless of certain blame and possible mistrust, in quarters whence he would most have valued approval, he did not hesitate to urge upon Leo XIII. the withdrawal of the decree of Pius IX. prohibiting participation in parliamentary affairs on the part of all who bowed to his authority. Let the Pope, he entreated, put his trust, not in kings and states, but in the people. His counsels were not permitted to prevail, and by the more extreme party at the Vatican he was not unnaturally regarded in the light of a renegade. 'They look upon me in Rome as an Italianissimo,' he once said. But he did not on that account abandon his position. To restore the Temporal Power by foreign intervention or by force of arms would be, in his opinion, to blot out in blood the Catholic faith in Italy. Not till God should change the hearts and minds of the Italian people was its restoration possible, and this miracle was not to be expected in the present generation. Adapting his outlook, therefore, to the exigencies of the times, he looked to a truce between Pope and King as the basis of future peace and prosperity. 'I am beginning,' he answered those who charged

him with the abandonment of the principles of twenty years, 'I am beginning to feel my feet in the Italian question.'

A private correspondence belonging to the year 1889 may be accepted as supplying his final views upon this matter. The Italian nation was, he conceived, being lost, as the English had been lost before them, and by the same policy—a course of action corresponding to that of the Peculiar People, who refused medicines. The Catholic population of Italy, like that of England under the penal laws, was exiled from experience, training, and education in political and public life. In his eyes the *ne eletti ne elettori* was a policy of abdication, the rising generation being thereby kept back from all paths of public life and service. In England the effect of the old exclusion was still apparent, even when all paths had been laid open; and in Italy the result would be similar. In a note written about the same time he again drew a parallel from the past. The Spanish policy, the reign of James II., had forfeited the heart and trust of Englishmen, 'and so I fear it will be in Italy. The abdication of natural duty called abstention is not the mind of the Holy See, but of him that letteth, and will let, until he be broken out of the way. Quousque Domine?'

Of the unpopularity incurred at Rome by opinions so diametrically opposed to the dominant party there he was fully aware, but not for that reason did he remain passive. The cause of the Holy See was his own cause, and he could not refrain from pressing his views when, rightly or wrongly, he conceived that its vital interests were at stake.

CHAPTER VIII

The Cardinal's Attitude towards the Irish Question—Letter to Lord Grey—Gradual Development of his Opinions—He becomes an Advocate of Home Rule—His Relations with Irish Members—Monsignor Persico's Mission.

ON a subject nearer home than that of the relations of the Holy See with the Italian Government, the Cardinal's change of view was equally likely to make him enemies, and was avowed with the same openness and courage. This was upon the question of Ireland.

In the eyes of a man naturally interested in all matters affecting the welfare of the Empire at large, and charged besides with the care of a large Irish population, the ever recurrent Irish difficulty could not fail to be of the first importance. His position was not an easy one. Even at a time when he was far from holding the convictions he subsequently embraced, he had never ranged himself upon the side of the dominant race, supported by a large section of English Catholics. As early as 1866, he was mentioning in a letter to Monsignor Talbot that

he had been informed by Archbishop Cullen that a chief obstacle in the way of uniting the English and Irish bishops was the *Tablet*—the principal Catholic organ—and that those it represented were assisting in the formation of an English party which would again divide English and Irish Catholics, as well as English Catholics amongst themselves. To deal with all these several parties in a spirit of fairness; to attempt to put an end to racial antagonisms and class antipathies, was one of the tasks set before the democratic Archbishop; nor was it to be performed without wounding susceptibilities on either side.

One of his first public steps was calculated to alienate from him the confidence of a class he would specially have desired to conciliate; and the issue of a Pastoral in condemnation of Fenianism roused a storm of indignation amongst a portion of his Irish flock. For some nights it was thought well to invoke the protection of special constables on behalf of churches and chapels threatened with incendiarism, and the wave of resentment included for a time the person of the Archbishop. Two years later his letter to Lord Grey made it clear that, whatever might be the objections he entertained towards the means

adopted by some Irishmen to obtain the redress of their grievances, he was in no way to be ranked amongst the supporters of the oppressors of their country. In this document the opinions he held at this stage of his career are made plain, and it is interesting to compare them with his matured convictions twenty-five years later.

Beginning by urging the gravity of the situation which, under-rated by some politicians, was pressed home to his own mind by direct and intimate contact with the Irish people, he expressed his persuasion that the movement then in progress was of a deeper, more permanent character than the risings of 1798 or 1803, and that it was gradually changing an integral part of the United Kingdom into a type which would not combine with the British or consolidate the unity of the realm. Two measures were, in his estimation, necessary to appease popular discontent. Those measures were religious equality and an equitable land law, coupled with a modification of the tone and language commonly adopted in England with reference to Ireland. Little stirring was necessary to produce a flame. The accumulated animosity of the past was born in the blood of Irishmen, and he confessed that his surprise was, not that they controlled it so little, but that

they controlled it so much. Disowning on the part of the Roman Catholic Church any desire for State endowment, he claimed nevertheless restitution of the property taken from it, to be made, not to itself, but to God's representatives, the poor; and he demanded religious equality.

Proceeding to the land question, he did not shrink from affirming the natural and divine law giving each people a right to live of the fruits of the soil in their own land. The rights of private property were modified by public utility, and when used to the injury of a man's neighbour they would be resisted by law, and his freedom would be limited. An exposition of the wrongs of the Irish people was followed by a warning that the threatened danger would never pass away until justice was done. Legal right was not always justice; the highest legal right was sometimes the greatest wrong. The Irish people appealed to Parliament for redress of their grievances, pleading that the property in the soil created by its tillers and tenants, though belonging legally to the landlord, belonged by that moral right higher than law to those who had created it. In conclusion, he claimed for himself the right to speak on the subject, as one brought daily into touch with an impoverished race, driven

from home by what is called, by a heartless eupheuism, the Land Question, and which means in truth 'hunger, thirst, nakedness, notice to quit, labour spent in vain, the toil of years seized upon, the breaking up of homes; the miseries, sicknesses, deaths of parents, children, wives; the despair and wildness of the poor when legal force, like a sharp harrow, goes over the most sensitive and vital rights of mankind.' Fenianism could not have survived for a year if it were not supported by the traditional discontent of almost a whole people.

Thus the Archbishop of Westminster concluded his impassioned protest—the protest of a man, as he was careful to state, who next after that which was not of this world, desired earnestly to see maintained the unity, solidity, and prosperity of the Empire. From the views expressed in it he never receded; time and experience led him to add to them other articles of faith which he would doubtless at this date have repudiated.

The process was slow and gradual. In 1869, a request from the Secretary of the Amnesty Committee that he would permit the petition for the pardon of the Fenian prisoners to lie for signature at the London churches implies that, notwithstanding his condemnation of their political methods, he was not regarded by Irish agitators

otherwise than as a friend. In refusing what was asked on the ground that it was an invariable custom to exclude non-ecclesiastical or non-religious matters from the churches, he expressed his sympathy with the object of the petition, adding his conviction that the hope of success would be greatly weakened by apparent identification with his churches, and would be correspondingly strengthened should the appeal, disengaged from all special associations of nation and religion, be addressed to the kindly and merciful feelings of the country at large.

His confidence in the justice of the people was always great—greater perhaps than is warranted by the facts of history. In a letter to the Primate of Ireland on the subject of education, written five years after that addressed to Lord Grey, he took occasion to express his sanguine anticipations of amelioration in the relations between the two countries, looking onward to a time when national prejudice and animosities should be healed, and to a Parliament of wider views and in greater sympathy with the constituencies of the three kingdoms and of peoples distinct in blood, in religion, in character, and in local interests. Turning to the minority responsible in his eyes for the fostering of race hatreds, he

denounced them strongly. 'I have watched,' he said, 'with a mixture of sorrow and indignation the writings and speeches of a handful of boisterous and blustering *doctrinaires*, who are trying to turn men away from doing what is just towards Ireland by grandiloquent phrases about the imperial race and an imperial policy. An imperial policy, in the mouths of such men, means a legislation which ignores the special character and legitimate demands of races and localities, and subjects them to coercion of laws at variance with their most sacred instincts.' Of such a policy, however, the Archbishop declared that he had little fear. The day for it was, in his opinion, past.

If the tone of this document might seem to foreshadow the future development of his convictions on Irish affairs, the account of a conversation with Leo XIII. belonging to the same year proves that he was as yet far from being in sympathy with national aspirations. The preservation of the imperial unity was, he told the Pope, vital to the three kingdoms, and to Ireland above all; though adding that, under this condition, there was no domestic administration that the latter ought not to have. The Pope, he said, appeared relieved, as if he had expected Home Rule from him.

More explicit still was his declarations, quoted in the same note, to the effect that what was needful was 'amministrazione domestica, ma Parlamento no: sarebbe preludio di conflitto e di separazione.'

In 1880 he still continued to maintain the same attitude of opposition to the Nationalist policy; going so far as to give his approval to the measures taken in order to crush the popular agitation. 'My censure of Gladstone's government,' he wrote at this time, 'is not for their Coercion Bill, but for not coercing horseplay before it grew into boycotting, and boycotting before it grew into outrage, beginning a year and a half ago. But in their Land Bill I go beyond all that they have done. . . . It is thirteen years of added injustice, not coercion, that has demoralised the people of Ireland.'

The passage reads curiously, in the light of the views he was in no long time to embrace; and so late as the year 1885, he is found condemning, in a letter to the Pope, the demand for an Irish Parliament. But this was his final utterance of the kind. When Mr. Gladstone introduced his Home Rule Bill in 1886, the only objection the Cardinal urged was directed against the transference of Irish members from Westminster to

Dublin—an arrangement perilous to Catholic interests in the Imperial Parliament. He could not, he told those members themselves, spare one of them from Westminster.

Amongst the results of his change of opinion was the renewal, on the score of a common interest and a common aim, of his old friendship with Mr. Gladstone—so far, that is, as such ties, once broken, are capable of reconstruction. Already, in 1885, there had been signs that the bitterness aroused by the controversy then eleven years old was yielding to the influence of time, and that older memories were regaining their supremacy. 'We have been twice parted,' the Cardinal wrote in answer to some letter from the statesman, 'but as the path declines, as you say, it narrows, and I am glad that we are again nearing each other as we near our end.'[1] Two years later he still more definitely cancelled past dissensions. Writing in 1887, he pointed backwards to the cause championed by both in their days of intimacy, rejoicing that they were once more reunited.

'In the beginning of our career,' he wrote, 'we were of one mind and one heart in defending the interests of the Anglican Church. And now, at the close of our career, we are again of one mind

[1] Morley's 'Life of Gladstone.'

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and one purpose, for, second to you only, I am the greatest Home Ruler in England.'

The religious conversion of Manning had severed the two, the conversion of both to a new political faith had brought the early comrades again together. 'I forsook all things for faith,' the Cardinal noted in a private paper of that year. 'He has forsaken his whole political past for Ireland. He is as isolated now as I was then. And this makes one turn to him. We are at last and at least agreed in this.'

Definitely convinced, Cardinal Manning had been characteristically ready to proclaim his principles; and, heedless of the indignation roused thereby, he declared himself publicly a supporter of the Nationalist cause. In a long letter printed in the *Times*, and addressed to a correspondent who had drawn his attention to the fears entertained by alarmists that a Nationalist victory would be followed in Ireland by religious persecution, he made his new position clear. Of religious intolerance, should the country be handed over to Parnellite rule, he had no fear. Parnell, he pointed out, was a Protestant, and in no way a man likely to persecute Protestantism. Further, his power lay in the trust and sympathy of Catholics, who, in Ireland, had always respected

liberty of conscience. The children of martyrs were not persecutors. Turning to the wider question of a change in the system of government, he did not shrink from avowing his convictions. Ireland had for centuries been held by a garrison. The time was come for her to be handed over to herself. Her people had attained their majority. 'Mr. Parnell has done what no other man attempted to do. He has filled the place he found vacant. He has known the needs and interpreted the desire of the Irish people. Therefore he leads. But the transfer of self-government is not to Mr. Parnell nor to Parnellites, but to Ireland and to the Irish people.' Passing on to the wrongdoing committed during the conflict—to its unwisdom and crime—if, he said, he did not gratify those who spoke of and saw nothing else, by denouncing these deplorable blemishes—ignominious brands upon a cause essentially just and sacred—it was not that he denied or condoned them. But they were made use of for a purpose and obscured the truth. For the rest, Mr. Parnell and his followers were the forlorn hope which had carried the stronghold. Forlorn hopes did their work, and were for ever remembered with gratitude and honour; but they returned to the army out of which they came, and the army held the field.

Such a declaration left no room for misinterpretation or doubt, and in the excited state of public feeling it could not fail to produce fierce indignation on the part of those English and Irish hostile to the Nationalist creed. Of the violence of conservative sentiment a printed letter addressed to the Cardinal by the O'Donoghue is an example. Expressing veneration for his office and regard for his person, the writer declared that his own sensations, on the present occasion, were what he might have experienced had he seen a sacred vessel from the altar clutched by impious hands and applied to profane uses.

Partisan criticism was not likely to turn the Cardinal from his course: and the counterbalancing welcome accorded him in the Nationalist ranks was warm. Amidst the hopes and fears and excitement of the days when success seemed near at hand, their new ally was eagerly sought by the men engaged in fighting the battle, secure of his sympathy, counsel, and encouragement. In zeal for the cause they had at heart he was behind none of them, and the fashion in which he met them on their own ground is curiously illustrated by a story related by a member of Parliament who, in spite of his youth, had had no small experience of Irish gaols. The Cardinal had

told the Pope, so he informed Mr. William Redmond lightly, that it was fortunate he had been made Archbishop of Westminster, rather than of Dublin or Cashel, since in the latter case he himself would certainly have been in prison.

As to the exact nature and completeness of his conversion opinions differ. It is not impossibly true—in the absence of definite explanation on his part there is a difficulty in pronouncing with certainty—that his Irish politics were not in every respect in agreement with those of the Nationalist party. He had never disguised his conviction that, as he once wrote to M. Décurtins, political and diplomatic questions gave place to questions of the labour of women and children, hours of work, and kindred subjects ; and in Ireland, as elsewhere, the social aspect of the desired changes probably appealed to him in a greater degree than those that were purely political. An Englishman, too, it was only by sympathy and imagination that he was capable of sharing the national enthusiasm of the Irish, then at fever heat. But, however that may have been, his adhesion to the broad principle of nationality, the encouragement and support always at the service of those who maintained it, was sufficient to win for him the gratitude and love of the Irish on either side of the channel, and

it is vain for his would-be apologists to endeavour to explain away or to minimise his open confession of faith.

'The day of restitution has nearly come,' he wrote to Mr. William O'Brien. 'I hope to see the day-break, and I hope you will see the noon-tide; when the people of Ireland will be re-admitted, so far as is possible, to the possession of their own soil, and shall be admitted, so far as possible, to the making and administration of their own local laws, while they shall still share in the legislation which governs and consolidates the Empire.'

The Cardinal was not destined to see the realisation of his hopes; and meantime a fresh complication had been introduced, by the arrival upon the scene of a papal delegate, charged with the duty of inquiring upon the spot into certain features of the situation in Ireland. The Liberal defeat and the consequent indefinite postponement of Nationalist hopes had been followed by renewed agitation, the Plan of Campaign and the system of boycotting being the weapons chiefly employed. Bishops and priests were at one with their people; and all were united in resistance to a system felt to be intolerable, when it became known that Monsignor Persico was on his way to perform his mission. To Cardinal Manning the principle of

interference from Rome, save through the Bishops, was distasteful in the extreme. His views were known; and when a rumour gained currency that Monsignor Persico's mission had been revoked, the *Times* ascribed the fact to his instances, supported by those of Archbishop Walsh; adding that 'the active promoters of separatist intrigues are hardly the persons who should have a determining voice in the councils of the Church.' The attack was made at a vulnerable point, and it was not left unanswered. The letter in which the Cardinal replied to the charge is an example both of his chivalry in associating himself with a colleague in disrepute and his method of doing so. There were times, he wrote, when he held resentment to be a duty. The statement made by the *Times* was false. As to the charges brought, he added, 'I gladly unite myself with the Archbishop of Dublin. He is but slightly known in England, except in the descriptions of those who are fanning the flames of animosity between England and Ireland. I am known in England both to Ministers of the Crown and to the leaders of the Opposition. I leave to them, who well know my mind, to answer for me; and I, who know the mind of the Archbishop of Dublin, answer for him. We are neither intriguers nor separatists.'

To the delegate himself he was equally explicit, strongly deprecating any intervention in Irish affairs except through the ordinary channels. Were a papal Rescript to be issued over the heads of the episcopate, he declared that, in the excited condition of the country, he was unable to answer for the consequences.

His advice was disregarded, and the Rescript in condemnation of the Plan of Campaign and the system of boycotting was promulgated direct from Rome, straining to the uttermost the loyalty and trust of the men who had been driven to employ those weapons of the weak. In an autobiographical note, dated 1890, the Cardinal explained his action with regard to this episode, and made manifest the light in which he regarded the papal intervention. Before quoting it, it is well that the nature of the practices condemned should be made clear, as well as the data on which the Rescript had been founded.

What boycotting was is well known. The Plan of Campaign has been probably widely misunderstood in England. It was, briefly, the formation of associations consisting of the tenants of a given locality, each of whom was to proffer to the landlord what was estimated by the whole body to be a fair rent for his holding. If refused, these

sums were to be paid into a general fund, to be applied to the maintenance of evicted tenants. By judges who knew and trusted the leaders who had devised and supervised this method of reducing extortionate rents, there was little exception to be taken to the system; but it was easy to represent it in England and in foreign countries as a conspiracy to defraud the landowners of what was justly due to them. With regard to the means by which the Rescript condemning these practices was obtained no less misconception prevailed, the general belief being embodied in an address presented to Monsignor Persico on the conclusion of his mission and signed by a large number of Irish Catholic landlords, 'in the fervent hope that his Excellency's mission might largely conduce to the glory of God, the increase of charity, and the restoration of peace and goodwill among men'—in other words, that the Nationalist party would be discredited and rents would continue to be paid as before.

The assumption that the Rescript was based upon the reports and advice of the man sent to examine into the matter upon the spot was a legitimate one. It was not until after some sixteen years had passed that the publication[1]

[1] *United Irishman*, May 14, 1904.

of a portion of the correspondence between Cardinal Manning and the papal delegate threw an altogether different light upon his share in the transaction.

'It is known to your Eminence,' wrote Persico to the Cardinal after the issue of the Rescript, 'that I did not expect at all the said decree, that I was never so much surprised in my life as when I received the bare circular from Propaganda. . . . And, what is more unaccountable to me, only the day before I had received a letter from the Secretary for the Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, telling me that nothing had been done about Irish affairs, and that my report and other letters were still *nella casetta del Emo. Rampolla!* And yet the whole world thinks and says that the Holy Office has acted on my report, and that the decree is based upon the same. Not only all the Roman correspondents, but all the newspapers, *avec le Tablet en tête*, proclaim and report the same thing. I wish that my report and all my letters had been studied and seriously considered, and that action had been taken from the same. Above all, I had proposed and insisted upon it, that whatever was necessary to be done, ought to be done with and through the Bishops.'

With this emphatic and earnest disclaimer of

responsibility on the part of the man who had spent some six months in Ireland, mastering, so far as was possible for a foreigner to master, the situation in that country, it is not difficult to understand the position taken up by the Cardinal in his autobiographical note. Admitting that in itself the decree was absolutely true, just, and useful in the abstract, he pointed out that the condition of Ireland was abnormal, and that the decree contemplated facts that were non-existent, and would have been more truly known and more safely judged on the spot. The Plan of Campaign was not a dogmatic fact, and it was one thing to declare all legal agreements binding, and another to say that all agreements in Ireland were legal. What was legally just was there morally unjust; and the sanction of the former should have been followed by a condemnation of the latter.

In Ireland the decree took little effect. By one Bishop alone was it published to the people, and the Archbishop of Cashel sent a subscription to the Plan of Campaign. Further, Mr. Parnell having declared that it was for his Catholic colleagues to decide for themselves what steps to take as to 'a document from a distant country,' some forty of them held a meeting, pronounced the conclusions contained in it to have been drawn

from erroneous premisses, and, asserting their complete obedience to the Holy See in matters spiritual, denied its right to intervene in political questions. A letter from the Pope to the Archbishop of Dublin, belonging to the end of the year, may be regarded as closing the incident; when, referring to the action 'so sadly misunderstood,' he stated that he had been prompted, not by the consideration of what was conformable to truth and justice alone, but also by the desire of advancing Irish interests, and of not allowing the cause in which Ireland was struggling to be weakened by any reproach that could justly be brought against it.

That the episode had in no way interfered with the cordiality of the relations between the English Cardinal and the Irish party was manifest. On the celebration of his silver jubilee in 1890, some fifty of its members, Mr. Parnell at their head, presented him with an address of congratulation. In his reply the Cardinal, after referring to the London Irish, proceeded to speak of Ireland itself.

'My present feeling,' he said, 'is one of the most profound hope. Ireland has entered into the most intimate and cordial union with the English people. If I know anything, I know the

working people of England; and I know at this moment that the hearts of the working people of England have turned to Ireland in true and perfect sympathy.'

The Cardinal was to be proved to be mistaken. The time was close at hand when the hopes then so high were to be shattered, and the abandonment of their leader was to be followed by a period of disruption amongst the Irish party resulting in the indefinite and deserved postponement of the realisation of national aspirations. But his identification with the national cause endeared him for ever to the Irish people. In a country he had never visited his name was familiar and honoured, and after his death the organ of the Dublin Jesuits bore generous testimony to the services rendered to their nation and to humanity by the man never reputed to be a friend of their order. He had, it was pointed out, read aright the signs of the times, his natural democracy quickened and strengthened by the conviction that the future of the Church would be determined by the masses. Though his advocacy of Irish claims and relations with Irish members were said to have cost him not a few friendships, and his advocacy of London labour had drawn upon him the censure and sarcasm of the friends of employers, he held on

his way unmoved by opposition, and had his reward in the spread among the rulers of the Church of the spirit and views of which he was the exponent.[1]

[1] Lyceum.

CHAPTER IX

Increasing Age—Multiplicity of Interests—The Cardinal's Visitors—Henry George.

THE years were creeping on. To some men it happens that, by no fault of their own, but by the simple action of time and circumstance, they fall out of the march, and withdrawing to some quiet place of rest for mind and body, passively await the end. Who should blame them? With Cardinal Manning this was never the case. As he had lived, so he was determined to die, at his post. He did not recognise the duty of averting death, so long as it is possible to do so, by timely precautions, and when urged on one occasion to spend a winter in the south he was resolute in his refusal to listen to his counsellors.

'When my Father opens His door,' he answered, 'and wants Henry Edward Manning within, shall not the child be waiting on the doorstep?'

For Henry Edward Manning the waiting place was Westminster; and at Westminster he remained, active in body and mind, labouring unweariedly till the call came to summon him hence.

As age grew upon him, it brought, rather than any diminution of cares, a greater variety of duties and interests. Side by side with his multifarious public avocations—his temperance work, his unceasing efforts on behalf of religious education, his ecclesiastical responsibilities, his participation in every movement calculated to better the condition of the poor—ran his comparatively private life —the life of a man whose doors were never shut against those who individually sought his help and counsel. Men of all kinds resorted to him in increasing numbers, for comfort in their trials, encouragement in their defeats, or to gain a renewal of strength to enable them to fight their battles afresh. His patience was almost inexhaustible.[1] All, of whatever faith or unfaith, were welcome, and crowded around him, certain that, asking bread, they would not receive a stone. A universal physician, it was perhaps most of all such as were wounded in the fight with privilege and power and monopoly that appealed to him for aid. Personally no rebel, asking for himself nothing, he

[1] Mr. Purcell records one outburst of impatience on the Cardinal's part; when, on some occasion, his attention had been claimed by uncongenial guests. In the face of the unanimous testimony borne by other witnesses to the welcome found by all sorts and conditions of men at Archbishop's House, his biographer's account of a solitary mood, due it may be to weariness or strain, may fairly be disregarded.

was the friend of rebels—rebels not so much against one form of oppression or another, as against the tyranny of circumstances hemming in men's lives on every side, crippling and maiming them, and condemning, by what appeared to some an unalterable decree, the mass of human kind to hardship, want, and suffering.

It was not, however, the poor and the oppressed alone who felt his attraction. Something in his personality struck and kindled the imagination of men of opposite views, compelling them, like Mr. Page Roberts, to confess that there was a fascination in asceticism, and to declare that 'the prelates of humanism looked like heathen in the presence of such white austerity.' Description after description, at a time when he had taken his place as one of the most notable features of contemporary London, testify to the effect he produced upon young and old, of every shade of opinion, religious and political. Disraeli paints portraits too familiar for reproduction; a younger associate of these later years places upon record the impression produced by the dignity of his bearing; describing how, though never putting himself forward or asserting his rank, he was always the most conspicuous figure wherever he might be present; and yet another witness testifies to his singular accessibility

to all who needed what he could give. 'Not the humblest docker, not the youngest child, not the hardest unbeliever, found in him any greatness, as earth's personages are great. . . . To be of service to you seemed the special object of his life. . . . His heart seemed to bound and sing with the enjoyment of the thought that he could be anything of a helper to the helpless amongst men.'[1]

A gift noticed by one observer was his power of searching the secrets of character with a glance. To a man whose duty it is to select instruments, few faculties could be more valuable. But that he supplemented natural intuition by unhurried care and thought, is curiously illustrated by the account of a first interview given by a woman who had come, a stranger, to his house, to seek his opinion as to a certain course of action. Not until he had conversed with her for approximately an hour upon topics unconnected with the object of her visit, and had thus gauged her powers and capacities, would he consent to pronounce his verdict, telling her that he believed she was capable of carrying out her purpose, that it would be well to do so, and bestowing his blessing upon her undertaking.

[1] Rev. B. Waugh. *Contemporary Review*, Feb. 1899.

It was no isolated instance of the fashion in which he was ready to give deliberate attention in response to the demands of those who, in the common phrase, had no claim upon him. The servant of servants, the Cardinal democrat was always prepared to sacrifice his leisure to those in need of it. To all he was a friend, meeting them, now gravely, now lightly, on their own ground; no less at home with the man who saw in him merely a fellow-worker in a common cause, than with the Catholic who bent the knee to him as a Prince of the Church.

'Have you seen Mr. Mann?' he asked some one, glancing at his own frail hand with a laugh, as he recalled the strong grip of the labour leader. 'It hurts,' he added, 'but I like it.'

In his great empty house—the house of a man who once said, 'I feel at times ashamed to own anything'—he lived the life of an ascetic. 'He did not,' wrote Archdeacon Farrar after his death, 'regard luxury and ostentation as necessary to the maintenance of his position, but lived in a bare house, on meals which would make ninety-nine servants out of a hundred give notice after a day's trial. He has left behind him a great name and a great example, and it would be well for the Church of England if she had one or two Bishops

who would learn from him how a great ecclesiastic may win the enthusiastic confidence of the working classes, and stamp his influence on the humanitarian progress of the age.'[1]

Such were the words of a man regarding the Cardinal from a standpoint far removed from his own. Notwithstanding his strong religious tenets, he had the faculty of throwing down barriers and establishing bonds of union on all sides. 'Oh, Manning—he is not an ecclesiastic—he belongs to us all,' was the reply of a statesman who, objecting to the presence of clerical members on a charitable committee, was informed that the Cardinal had already been placed on it. A democrat who had never made a secret of his convictions, he was on cordial terms with conservative politicians from whom he differed in almost every respect. 'In the dark and disturbing days on which we have fallen,' wrote Lord Beaconsfield, shortly before his death, in acknowledging a new year's letter, 'so fierce with faction even amongst the most responsible, the voice of patriotism from one so eminent as yourself will animate the faltering, and add courage even to the brave'—ending with the expression of his deep regard.

[1] *Review of the Churches*, March, 1892.

Where he could approve, he approved ; he did not hesitate to make use of men whose general policy he condemned when they could be turned to the service of God and the poor. Whether it is well to do so remains to some of us a question. To employ only instruments which have been proved trustworthy may in the end repay delay. But to refuse the help of none where a purpose was to be served was the Cardinal's habit, open and avowed ; and if his course was thereby occasionally rendered politically devious, he brought no pressure to bear to induce others to follow in his steps.

'It would seem to me,' he wrote in answer to the question of an elector in 1885, 'that voters must vote, after all, according to their own convictions. It is not unreasonable or in any way wrong to try to convince a voter of what we believe to be right or better. But beyond this we have no right or duty. I always hold myself to be officially bound to neutrality, and leave my clergy and flock perfectly free.'

It would be well if all teachers of religion would follow the Cardinal's example.

Whilst the cordiality of his terms with men of all schools has been described, it was perhaps inevitable that those who considered themselves

to possess a more exclusive right to his thought and care should have been disposed to indulge in some jealousy at the breadth of his sympathies, and to look with suspicion upon the links binding him to men of every opinion, social, political, and religious. Some feeling of this kind may be responsible for his biographer's tone in characterising the guests who frequented Archbishop's House during these later years. It would be easy to attach too much importance to the animadversions of a critic plainly hostile, yet it is possible that they reflect to some degree the irritation felt by a portion of his flock.

'Social reformers, political agitators, defenders of the rights of labour, denouncers of the rights of property, advocates of the disestablishment of churches and of the emancipation of women;[1] upholders of a free breakfast-table, and of free education under the control and management of the parish beadle; enthusiastic visionaries who saw the coming of a millennium in which religion, turned out of the churches, should be marshalled and regulated according to the gospel of General Booth'—this does not exhaust the catalogue to be found in the pages of a writer incapable of

[1] The Women's Rights movement was, in fact, one with which the Cardinal was not in sympathy.

understanding the objects, aims, or interests of the 'hero of charity' to whom nothing human was common or unclean. To Archbishop's House, says Mr. Purcell, came all who had a grievance to urge, a cause to advocate, a mission or message to deliver, a new code of morals or gospel to preach.

Unjust as it would be to accept his biographer's angry contempt as in any true sense representative of the sentiments of English Catholics, the attitude of disapproval or coldness adopted by a section of those belonging to his faith and creed cannot have failed to be painful to a man as sensitive, as full of craving for sympathy, as the Cardinal Archbishop. Again, though the sweeping statement that 'the leading Catholic laity took no interest in the social and political questions which he had taken to heart, and consequently stood aloof,' might not be accepted upon Mr. Purcell's authority alone, it is impossible to deny that the Cardinal's own words, on more than one occasion, tend to confirm and endorse it, showing that he was often compelled to carry on his labours in some sort single-handed. In his temperance work it has been seen that this was the case, and even in matters more directly connected with religion the same absence of practical help appears to have existed.

'Catholics to-day,' he is quoted as saying,[1] 'take no interest in Catholic affairs of a public character. Some pious and prominent men and women, never too many, during the season are most zealous and active; superintend or organise schools in the East End; help in the opening of new missions or in establishing refuges or homes for the sick or poor. But in a month or two, when the season is over, they go away, and leave me to work alone.'

The words may have been spoken in a mood of despondency; the despondency nevertheless points to a sense of loneliness. Such loneliness was perhaps inevitable. The heights are solitary; and the very fact that his position and the work he carried on were unique had necessarily the effect of setting him in a measure apart. Once more to quote the same writer, 'in the isolation of his last years he lived a life of his own imaginings, indulged in visionary theories, dreamed dreams, fancying he saw a new order of things—mistaking things ephemeral for things eternal—growing up under his hands.' In other words, he dreamed of social regeneration for the poverty-stricken and the suffering; of deliverance from misery and hardship for the toilers and labourers of the world; of

[1] Again, this rests upon Mr. Purcell's authority, and must be taken with reserve.

sympathy and love and co-operation independent of distinctions of class and creed; and above all, of the reconciliation of the religion of Christ—pre-eminently represented in his eyes by the Catholic Church—and the democracy.

To return to the visitors to Archbishop's House, amongst those who found a welcome there at this period were Michael Davitt and Henry George. Discussing with the American reformer the question of land nationalisation, the Cardinal was favourably impressed by his earnestness, quiet, and calm; giving in a letter to the *Brooklyn Review* an account of the conversation, and of the fashion in which he himself had cleared the way for argument by ascertaining to what degree he was in accord with his visitor, and how far opposed to him, on fundamental axioms.

'Before we go further,' the Cardinal said, 'let me know whether we are in agreement upon one vital principle. I believe that the law of property is founded on the law of nature, and that it is sanctioned in revelation, declared in the Christian law, taught by the Catholic Church, and incorporated in the civilisation of all nations. Therefore, unless we are in agreement upon this, which lies at the foundation of society, I am afraid we cannot approach each other.'

By Mr. George's answer the Cardinal understood that he did not deny the principle in question, and that his contention was mainly directed against the intolerable evils resulting from an exaggeration of the legal provisions connected with it.

'He added,' said the Cardinal, 'that the present separation and opposition of the rich and poor were perilous to society, and that he saw no remedy for them but in the example and teachings of Christ. He spoke fully and reverently on this subject.'

In the two men, unlike in much, there existed one essential point of union—love of God and man. They had, says an eye-witness of the interview, travelled to the same goal from opposite directions.

'I loved the people,' said Henry George, 'and that love brought me to Christ as their best friend and teacher.'

'And I,' said the Cardinal, 'loved Christ, and so learned to love the people for whom He died.'

And thus they parted.

It is affirmed that in Mr. George's subsequent work, 'Poverty and Progress,' the Cardinal found matter for disapproval or condemnation. At the time of the visit he had only read the 'Social

Problems,' in which he had seen nothing worthy of censure. However this may be; and though it is not unlikely that the opinions of the two diverged on many points, divergence need not imply lack of sympathy, and Henry George recognised that sympathy and was grateful for it. If, to others, offence was given, it was only what was to be expected. Men to whom democratic principles, a belief in the sovereignty of the people, the abolition of class monopolies, were doctrines abhorrent and subversive, could scarcely fail to regard the Cardinal's 'dreams' as mischievous and perilous; to fear and shun the means he used to materialise them; and to view his friendly intercourse with popular leaders with uneasiness and disapproval.

CHAPTER X

The Social Purity Crusade—Trafalgar Square Riot—The Cardinal's Opinion of the Government.

DURING the year 1885 the difference of judgment sometimes severing the Cardinal from those by whom he was surrounded, as well as from a large portion of the British public, was accentuated by a painful episode described by his biographer in exaggerated and hysterical language. This was what was termed the Social Purity Crusade.

In considering the fearlessness he displayed, not on this occasion alone but on others, in braving disapproval and misinterpretation, it should be borne in mind that it was not the result of indifference. If he was self-reliant to a fault, and rash in resisting censure and condemnation, he was never callous with regard to adverse criticism, and was very humanly sensitive and resentful of attack, even in cases where he could well have afforded to treat his assailants with contempt. In his calmer moments, indeed, he could disregard them. Thus, on one occasion, lectured by the *Times* from a

height of superiority, he characterised the assertion that he mistook cause and effect with a touch of humour. It was the sort of criticism, he observed, that an undergraduate would make. 'I am told,' he added, 'that in the present day the *Times* is a good deal written by undergraduates.' In more serious moods, he could also appraise the insinuations of those who perhaps had a grudge to satisfy, or an object to serve, at a just valuation. One anonymous dissentient, he would reflect, was noisy; others who listened and believed were silent. He might perhaps know one day what mark he had left. His desire was to say, with St. Paul, 'You are my epistle, written in my hand, and known and read of all men'—poor children, poor drunkards, and perhaps a few other souls.

But whilst these were the conclusions of his cooler judgment, there were times when the irresponsible abuse of newspapers—carefully preserved—wounded him to a curious degree; and though he might allow it to pass unnoticed so far as any public reply was concerned, he was accustomed to set down in writing the refutation of the charges brought against him; to make his defence, so to speak, at his private bar; and to vindicate himself, not to the world but to conscience, the master to whom alone he stood or fell. The soreness and

indignation visible in these notes give proof of a susceptibility to blame or misconception which must often, in the course of his chequered career, have been a cause of acute suffering. 'This falsehood is truly brutal—may God forgive the writer,' he wrote on one occasion. And again, 'I hope that when I am gone these lies may not "make history" about me.'

Whilst this vulnerability to attack must be counted as a failing, it also serves to throw into relief his boldness in inviting it; and never was this boldness more marked than in the autumn of 1885, in connection with a great social abuse, and the methods to be pursued in the endeavour to combat an evil recognised and deplored by all alike.

The cause of the helpless victims of the present conditions of society and modern civilisation was especially calculated to appeal to a man who, while uncompromisingly severe in his denunciation of vice, and especially of the vices of the rich, was ever pitiful towards sinners.

More than forty years earlier, as Archdeacon of Chichester, he had preached on the subject of fallen women. 'None are to be pitied more,' he said. 'None are more sinned against. Shame, fear, and horror bar their return. The drop has

fallen; behind them is a gulf they cannot pass.' Contrasting their present and their past, he had drawn a picture of the life of innocence and hope they had left behind, and had told of the end that awaited them, far from mother, brother, husband, child. 'Then comes death, and after death the judgment, and the great white throne on which He sitteth from whose face both heaven and earth shall flee away.'

Forty-one years had passed since those words had been spoken, and the evil was as great—greater—than ever. 'The luxury of the west of London,' he once told a wealthy congregation when pleading for funds to carry on rescue work, 'has produced a rankness and audacity of vice, thinly veiled, or open and bare-faced, such as was found hardly in Rome of old, or in any city that I know in the civilised world.' Of poor children belonging to east end homes not worthy of the name, what could, he asked, be expected? Domestic life had been destroyed; the streets were full of temptation; opportunities for drink, the most powerful and successful of all enemies of souls—being not one sin, but all sin—everywhere.

Into the subject of the means employed to bring the evil in question to light, this is not the place to enter, but in a study of the Cardinal's

social work, the Cardinal's attitude towards it cannot be overlooked. The words in which he alluded to the matter when, during the last year of his life, he was recording the experience he had gained, are significant of much besides the actual case in point. 'In the uprising against the horrible depravity which destroys young girls—multitudes of ours—,' he then wrote, 'I was literally denounced by Catholics; not one came forward. If it was ill done, why did nobody try to mend it?'

The question is the key to his position. The means taken to amend what was infamous might have been ill-chosen; and it may be that, in retrospect, a doubt as to the wisdom of the methods employed found admittance into his mind; but at the time, confronted by an immense and terrible evil, he could not afford to inquire too strictly into the course pursued in the attempt to combat it, and, fully convinced of the honesty and rectitude of the man responsible for that attempt, he stood firmly by Mr. Stead, was his advocate through good report and ill, and adhered to the line he had adopted in spite of remonstrance, protest, and entreaty. Whether he was right or wrong in his judgment may certainly be questioned, but the courage and the indifference to public opinion he displayed is eminently characteristic. Reasons

for a neutral attitude would not have been far to seek; but if there was unwisdom in his unflinching partisanship, it was the generous unwisdom of a man whose habit it was, from first to last, whensoever sinners were to be rescued or evil to be fought, to fling himself into the quarrel, and who never deserted a cause because it was reviled.

In the present instance no one had power to move him one iota from his purpose; and a private letter printed after his death, referring to an entreaty not to introduce the subject into an expected pastoral, shows the spirit with which he resented interference, however well-intentioned, in the discharge of what he regarded as a public duty.

'As to the pastoral, not a word,' he wrote. 'I should forget all laws of proportion and fitness if I took notice of the gross impertinence of Abraham's children. If, and when, I saw fit to issue a pastoral, twelve tribes of Pharisees and Scribes would not hinder me. What do they take me for, and what do they imagine themselves to be?'

A protest from inmates of his house against the display upon his table of the newspaper then in ill repute, whilst proving the strength of the feeling aroused against the line he had taken, met with no greater success. 'The remonstrance,' it is added, 'was never repeated.'

Two years later he found himself for once, and surely to his own surprise, on the side of the authorities, and in opposition to popular sentiment. This was on the occasion of the collision between police and people in Trafalgar Square. According to his habit, he judged the incident, like others, on its own merits, and in this instance sided with what is called the party of law and order. Strongly as he felt the necessity of vindicating the right of public meeting, he was of opinion that it was not now imperilled; that law and liberty were, in England, in no danger; that occurrences such as that which had taken place in Trafalgar Square acted as a check upon the spread of sympathy with Ireland, and the restitution of justice to that country. The combination of socialists and of that outcast population which is the rebuke, sin, shame, and scandal of society, and would become its scourge, was a misrepresentation of law, liberty, and justice. The appeal to physical force was criminal and immoral, venial in men maddened by suffering, but inexcusable in others.

Thus he wrote to an advocate of the course pursued, in uncompromising condemnation of it, though making the reservation in excuse of some of those concerned in the affray—the poor and the struggling—which comes like a refrain in his

utterances. As a general principle, however, his faith and confidence in the rectitude of the people was almost unlimited, and if he considered it right, on this occasion, to express his disapproval of democratic methods, a private document belonging to the year 1890, containing a general indictment of the conduct and policy of the government in office at the time, indicates that his disapprobation arose from no sympathy with the ministry. That ministry he characterised as one relying upon force, which had given Ireland a Crimes Act and not one remedy for its just complaints, had filled Trafalgar Square with soldiers, dominated the crofters by means of a gunboat, and had had the Guards ready to intervene in the Docker's Strike. 'The present Government,' he wrote, 'is morally weak and unpopular. They know it, and they rely on force under the plea of maintaining law, order, and authority. And they are irritating and goading Ireland into intemperate speech. A goaded people loses calmness and self-control. It puts itself in the wrong under provocation, and is put down by force. . . . England is becoming seriously disturbed. The classes are alarmed and the masses irritated. . . . The millions of what I may call the "labour world" possess the suffrage. And to them the

political power is steadily devolving. They are both reasonable and just. They are calm and conservative. The Thames Strike was ended by reason and free-will. The Miners' Strike of 300,000 men was ended by reason and free-will. If Government will meet the people face to face, neither soldiers nor police will be needed. If Government treats the people as lords and squires treat their keepers and their labourers, the manhood of Englishmen will rise against them.'

CHAPTER XI

Later Writings—Their Character—Views on the Work of the Salvation Army—Plea for the Worthless—Irresponsible Wealth.

DURING the last ten years of his life, when age was limiting the possibilities of physical exertion, the Cardinal had frequently recourse to his pen as a means of advocating and furthering the causes he had at heart. In earlier times he had taken rank as a writer. But he had long since relinquished the ambition to distinguish himself in that direction, and Dr. Döllinger notices the deterioration of his art after his conversion. He would not have denied it.

'I believe I can say,' he wrote, 'I have had no literary vanity since I became a priest . . . I have since then written as the time and truth demanded, dry and unpopular matters enough.' In old days, he notes, his books had been quoted for style. With style he had now no concern. His object was to urge his views with plainness and simplicity.

At first his writings had been mostly on purely religious topics; but as time went on he dealt with others, various and manifold; with social grievances, necessary reforms; the means of reaching and saving the great outcast population of modern civilisation; and his signature became a frequent feature in periodical literature. To make use of this essentially modern channel for promulgating opinion has been termed a new departure for a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic;[1] it was in full harmony with the Cardinal's methods. He was, as Monseigneur Baunard, Recteur des Facultés Catholiques de Lille, pointed out in a letter written after his death, pre-eminently the man of his time and century, 'accepting it as it is, with its progress, its spirit, its resources, its institutions, liberty, the press, journalism, schools, association, publicity, cosmopolitanism—all that perfect armoury which is used against us and that the sacred militia must know how to handle if the day is to be won for God and God's children.'

Not one weapon would he allow the enemy to monopolise, especially so powerful a one as the press. In his written appeals there was displayed

[1] Bishop Ketteler, of Mainz, had been beforehand with him in making full use of the power of the press.

the same wide spirit of charity and sympathy, the same eagerness to take up the quarrel of the defenceless, that pervaded his utterances and his actions. And in this manner his arguments reached hundreds and thousands to whose ears they could have penetrated in no other way.

To some it was inevitable that offence should be given, as by his words and actions so by his writings. The absence on his part of any jealousy of others engaged in labouring for objects akin to his own, but on different lines, occasionally laid him open to misapprehension amongst the strictly orthodox. Yet it might have been thought that his meaning was made sufficiently clear to safeguard his position from misconception. He had never courted popularity by suppressing or minimising what he believed to be the truth. On matters of doctrine he was rigid; his theology was of an extreme type, and the term Liberal Catholic is, once at least, employed in his published writings in a condemnatory sense. But whilst on questions specifically affecting Catholic tenets he would accept no compromise, he was ready to meet those outside the Church on the broad basis of a common Christianity. It is not a man's creed so much as his fashion of holding it that imparts

narrowness or breadth to his outlook on life; and the charity and indulgence resulting from knowledge and experience were ever teaching him a wider tolerance and a deeper apprehension of the good underlying convictions he did not share, and leading him to assimilate those elements in them commending themselves to his sense of justice and truth. Nor had he any difficulty—where many find so much—in separating a man and his opinions. To the Catholic ecclesiastic, for instance, the greatness of Cromwell might not have been expected to appeal; but as Englishman and social reformer, the Cardinal recognised it to the full, declaring that, apart from the Irish expedition, he had ever regarded the Puritan statesman as the greatest man produced by the English race: 'no other ruler, before or since, has united in equal degree such faith in the imperial destinies of England abroad, and such passionate concern for the welfare of the common people at home.' As in history, so it was in life. 'They draw me as much to the writer,' he said in earlier days in reference to some letters of an evangelical type, 'as they warn me from the path in which he is outwardly treading. Would to God I could walk with him in the inward path where his feet tread surely.' The same spirit remained

with him to the end, and rendered intolerance, in the sense in which some men are intolerant, an impossibility.

When work was to be done there could be no doubt that he would have liked to do it. He was confident in himself and in his powers—it is too marked a feature not to be insisted upon again and again as giving part of its character to his life and labours—he was more than confident in his Church, and was convinced—no man to a greater degree—that his was the more excellent way. Nor did he scruple to say so. 'You are not following Christ so much as you think you are,' he once told a fellow-worker bluntly. 'Follow Him enough, and you will find that out.' But he was sufficiently wise to know that there was work he could not do, generous enough to wish all success to the men who were doing, or attempting to do it, and eager to lend them co-operation—a co-operation which they appreciated and welcomed. 'I often heard my father say of you,' Lord Shaftesbury's son wrote, 'that whenever there was good to be done and evil to be fought, he was sure of you.' Lifted above petty jealousies and ignoble rivalries by the supreme desire that, whether by himself or others, God should be served, souls should be rescued, and succour brought to the

needy, it was not possible that he should refuse to acknowledge the value of other men's toil.

From his home in the centre of London he looked out upon 'the great sinful city,' full of evil and of the misery consequent upon evil, considering it not only in the abstract, not only with the impersonal compassion of the philanthropist or the regret of the legislator—though these were also his—but with the eyes of a man who was likewise a priest, and who watched and mourned the wrecking of individual lives. Morning after morning he would be seen to examine the police reports, his face clouding as Irish names—the names of culprits for whom he was specially responsible—met his eye; and perhaps he owed a portion of his power to this blending of interest in the problems affecting masses of men, and in the units of which those masses were composed. It is a saying of the Abbé Mullois that to speak well to the people it is necessary to love them very much. This collective affection Cardinal Manning had, and it made itself felt; but he combined with it that love for each single individual which is not always the attribute of the philanthropist.

'You put both hands into the fire to rescue that poor soul,' some one once said to him.

'Indeed I did,' was the reply.

It is men who are thus bent upon rescuing souls who learn to measure and estimate aright the magnitude of the task; and gauging the extent and the malignity of the disease, the Cardinal felt that it was not for him to place a hindrance in the way of any physician who desired to attempt a cure. Seen in this light, no agency for combating the ills he saw came to him amiss; no method of dealing with them, however forlorn the hope it might offer, would he discourage. He could afford to treat no fellow-worker with contempt or set him coldly aside.

Some men in his position would have preserved a negative attitude; would have contented themselves with silence; and, whilst abstaining from condemnation, would have refrained from committing themselves to a definite expression of opinion. Such was not Cardinal Manning's habit, and in 1882, when the criticism called forth by the Salvation Army was more severe than at the present time, he braved public opinion by a fair and dispassionate examination of its claims to approval, and though confessing that, with regard to the ultimate results to be expected from its labours, fears overbalanced hope, did not withhold its due meed of praise and commendation.

Summing up the condition of society which had rendered a like organisation possible, he pointed out that in England millions lived and died outside any religious body. Half the population of London were practically without God in the world, and this state of things was the *raison d'être* of such a body as that founded by General Booth. 'A watchman's rattle is good at night, when men are sleeping. It is needless at noonday, when men are wide awake.' The response called forth by the Salvation Army was the measure of the need to which it corresponded. London's spiritual desolation alone made it possible. To such a population a voice crying aloud in God's name was as a warning in the night. In the most outcast a voice answered. The words death, judgment, heaven, hell, were not mere sounds, but strokes upon the soul. The mass of men believed in right and wrong, judgment to come, hoped for a better world, believed that sin committed here found its sequel in a worse world. This was Wesley's strength; it was also the strength of William Booth; and good seed grew whoever might be the sower. 'Our heart's desire and prayer is that they who labour so fervently with the truths they have, may be led into the fulness of faith, and that they who

are so ready to give their lives for the salvation of souls may be rewarded with life eternal.'

Nine years later the Cardinal repeated, even more emphatically, his appreciation of the work and aims of the Salvation Army. Regarded as a religious movement he had, he said, no duty, here and now, to sit in judgment upon General Booth's project; but in its character as a work of simple humanity, he declared it worthy of sympathy and support. At the present time three agencies existed for the relief of distress: first, the Poor Law, practically narrowed to those who were willing to enter the workhouse as paupers; secondly, the Charity Organisation Society, which, though it was doing great good, avowedly rejected the unworthy, and was therefore inadequate as a means of reaching all; and, thirdly, private alms, leaving, in spite of their amount, a vast desolation of misery untouched.

This being the case, who, asked the Cardinal, that cared for human misery and ruin, could forbid others to do what they themselves were unable to do? General Booth had a great organisation of devoted men and women ready to go and wade in the midst of this dead sea of suffering. Only by means of human sympathy and human voices, appealing face to face with outcast and ruined

souls, could men be won back to human life and to the law of God. If Booth could reach those whom other agencies fail to reach, who should forbid him? If his zeal should rebuke the indolence of some, restore those rejected by others, and recall to order and rectitude those passed by as hopeless and worthless, it was a salutary lesson, to be thankfully learned. Let him try his hand, and if he failed, let others do better. Above all, it was intolerable to hinder him from feeding the starving and reclaiming the criminals of the present day, because in the next generation a normal state of capital and labour might provide employment. If others were forbidden by faith and conscience to co-operate in his work, they could bid God-speed to all who, in good faith, were toiling for at least the temporal good of outcast people.[1]

Thus, in the last year of his life, the Cardinal welcomed the labourers in another part of God's vineyard. Some men are ever, consciously or unconsciously, seeking grounds and reasons for tracing a dividing line. His search was in an opposite direction. 'It is to me a consolation,' he wrote to Dr. Dawson Burns at a time of personal loss, 'when I can find such a union in

[1] 'Darkest England.' *Paternoster Review*, 1891.

the midst of our sad disunion. Our Master would be better pleased and better served if we better knew each other.'

Between him and men like General Booth there was one great bond—both were seeking the lost. To both the old Latin saying quoted by the Cardinal might be applied, 'I am a man, and nothing human is alien to me.' Other philanthropists might honestly limit their mission to men and women not so utterly sunk in the mire and slough of sin and misery as to be in their eyes irredeemable. To the old priest at Westminster, as to the founder of the Salvation Army, no single human being was beyond the reach of possible succour.

In a paper belonging to the year 1888, he set himself to plead the cause of the 'worthless,' pointing out, as their advocate, the reasons to which their condition should be ascribed. Those reasons he considered to be three: the destruction of domestic life through the scandalous housing of the poor; the drink trade; the absence of a moral law and—in masses of the population—of the knowledge of God. From these causes resulted personal demoralisation, as well as what appeared to some people the greater enormities of imposture and idleness. These three causes

were the direct results of the apathy or selfishness of society; of legislation or neglect to legislate; or of laws inefficiently administered. The pauper habit of mind was formed by overmuch poverty, helplessness, hopelessness, and loss of self-respect; the temptation to gain unlawfully food denied, save on odious conditions, followed; and the sight of the abundance enjoyed by those who never laboured produced the sense of injustice, and—man being human—a sting of resentment. The ostentation of luxury was a sharp temptation to despairing men, even when honest and upright. The moral nature gave way in the desperation of want; crime and vice were the result. Yet forgers and prostitutes had once been as far from their fall as those who moralised over them, fallen. And if this were true of all men, how much more true of the worthless. If they were worthless, it was because they had been wrecked by society, and what was society doing to redeem them? None were beyond hope. Goodness overcame evil; kindness broke the hardest hearts; sympathy, care, service, were powers that never failed. The memory of childhood was not dead. If it remained only as a gleam of innocence long past, it was also a throb of a higher life not yet extinct for ever.

Such was, in brief, the Cardinal's plea for the pariahs of the world; and he held out the right hand of fellowship to all who were labouring to reclaim them. There was work enough, and to spare, for all. Whilst eager, so far as he was able, to promote legislation which might tend to better the condition of the poor, he relied for amelioration chiefly upon personal ministry. In a paper upon 'Irresponsible Wealth' he applied to the present relations of capital and labour the parable of the vineyard—'the plea and gospel of capital.' In that parable capital made free contracts; labour accepted it without complaint. When evening came labour murmured, not because it was underpaid, but because some one was overpaid. Capital answered, 'Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with my own?' Capital was in its rights; the men in the wrong. But when did any capitalist in our day give a day's wages for one hour's work? Measuring by the long day of disappointed waiting, the craving of nature and perhaps the hungry mouths at home, the lord of the vineyard was more than just; he was generous: and if the parable is a warning against the murmuring of labour, it is also a warning against the despotic avarice of capital. Widespread unrest prevailed; the people

were sore and discontented, capitalists alarmed; capital and labour were forming combinations against each other. Where lay the remedy? Not in legislation; not in political economy; not in the present administration of the Poor Law; but in the law that created the Christian world—personal sacrifice, the charity of humanity, and self-denial.

After this manner, through the public press, the Cardinal urged in later years their duties upon those whom only in that fashion his voice could reach. It was perhaps little wonder if those who read or listened classed, by a confusion of terms, the democrat as the socialist. Yet he was careful to distinguish between the views he held and the socialistic programme. Those who called him socialist were, he explicitly stated, wrong. He was in favour of social organisation, not of socialism; and between the terms social and socialism the difference was as great as between reason and rationalism. Socialism, in his opinion, tended to the destruction of existing society and was the result of an individualism destructive of the family. Social organisation, on the contrary, rested upon the sense of reciprocal duties, the unity of the human race, and the benefits of union. Christianity being

essentially an organiser, was incompatible with socialism.[1]

Socialism is in fact a term loosely employed by a world with no leisure to cultivate accuracy; and it is not likely that the Cardinal's explanation was satisfactory to those who had seen in his utterances cause for complaint.

[1] Conversation reported in the *Figaro*.

CHAPTER XII

The Knights of Labour—Cardinal Manning's Interposition —Labour Questions in England—'The Law of Nature' —Manning's Influence at the Vatican—Interest in French Affairs—Leo XIII.'s Encyclical on Labour.

CARDINAL MANNING'S interest in social questions was not limited to England. It will be seen that he was in warm sympathy with the movement in France represented by the Cercle Catholique d'Ouvriers, and in 1887—the year of the Trafalgar Square riots—the weight of his influence as a peace-maker was felt on the other side of the Atlantic. A crisis dangerous to the Catholic Church in America had arisen in the United States, the association of the Knights of Labour, a body including a vast number of members, having fallen under suspicion at Rome, and being threatened with excommunication. The matter had indeed gone so far that the Canadian members of the society had already incurred the condemnation of the local ecclesiastical authorities, and had been deprived of the sacraments.

The situation was serious. Well-meaning men

were alarmed; a change in the social structure appeared imminent; labour seemed in a position to dictate terms to capital; and a profound uneasiness, not altogether without justification, prevailed amongst timid people. Thus Cardinal Gibbons, whose sympathies were no less strongly enlisted on the side of the working classes than those of Manning himself, afterwards summed up the situation at the moment when pressure had been brought to induce the Pope to take stringent measures with regard to the great labour organisation.

What the results of that step would have been remains untested. When the policy of the Vatican was still trembling in the balances, the man whose life-work and vocation, according to Gibbons, was that of a mediator, 'standing between need and greed with hands of entreaty,' interposed to support his brother Cardinal in his vindication and defence of the body attacked, 'défendit,' to quote another writer, 'avec son flegme passioné, sa sérenité concentrée et agissante,' the cause of the working man, and carried the day.

The manner of his intervention was marked by his usual whole-hearted zeal, whilst he used the opportunity to renew the ardent profession of his political faith.

'I have read with great assent,' he wrote to a member of the American episcopate, 'Cardinal Gibbons' document in relation to the Knights of Labour. The Holy See will, I am sure, be convinced by his exposition of the state of the New World. I hope it will open a new field of thought and action. It passes my understanding that officious persons should be listened to rather than official. . . . Hitherto the world has been governed by dynasties; henceforth the Holy See will have to deal with the people; and it has bishops in daily and personal contact with the people. The more clearly and fully this is perceived, the stronger Rome will be. . . . Failure to see and use these powers will breed much trouble and mischief. My thanks are due to the Cardinal for letting me share in his arguments. If I can find a copy of my lecture on the Duties and Rights of Labour I will send it to him. It will, I think, qualify me for knighthood in the order. . . . The Church is the mother, friend, and protector of the people. As the Lord walked among them, so His Church lives among them.'

That the threatened blow was averted has been ascribed, if to Cardinal Gibbons' advocacy in part, not a little to the co-operation of his English colleague.

During the winter following upon his interposition in the American dispute, Cardinal Manning's attention was claimed by matters nearer home. Distress was severely felt among the London poor; and he was as usual foremost in taking part in the efforts made to relieve it, occupying a place on Lord Compton's Committee, appointed to deal with the subject, and forming one of a deputation from that Committee to Lord Salisbury, designed to press upon the Government the necessity of measures of present relief and of permanent remedies which, so far as was possible, should prevent the recurrence of a like crisis.

The principle he consistently laid down—of the right of every man to 'work or bread'—would seem to be one that none need shrink from avowing, but his open declaration of his convictions on this point, as on others, was made the subject of unsparing criticism from those who discerned in it a socialistic tendency. The *Times*, in particular—attributing to him a suggestion he had never made, and which he at once repudiated—referred to his 'wild proposition' that the deserving unemployed should be provided with work at the current rate of wages.

In the case of the *Times*, criticism was possibly embittered by the fact that, in the speech made as

one of the deputation to the Prime Minister, the Cardinal had stigmatized certain proposals printed in that newspaper for dealing with the question of the unemployed, as not only heartless but headless; and the attacks made upon him in its columns drew forth from him two letters in vindication and explanation of his views. During the previous year, he said, the *Times* had observed, in treating of some words of his on the same subject, that he had taken refuge in confusion of thought —a rebuke he had received with becoming meekness and silence. On the present occasion he thought fit to reply. If he had impeached the working of the Poor Law, he had been careful to lay the responsibility of its failure upon the administration of the law and not upon the guardians. That administration he declared to depend partly upon the tradition of the Local Government Board, partly upon public opinion, partly upon the spirit of a narrow so-called political economy which cramped the hearts of administrators and warped the administration of the law. He also expressed his conviction that the criminal class in London was produced by desperation. Having once, in the absence of work or bread, violated the law, a man fell thereby into the habit of violating it. Poverty, destitution, desperation, refusal of sym-

pathy, caused a man, driven almost beyond self-control, to yield to temptation and to become a criminal.

It was perhaps not unnatural that some of those who, like the *Tablet*, considered that 'if Dives represented the one extreme, the Devil represented the other,' should have viewed parts of the Cardinal's speech with disfavour; and besides his reply to his anonymous assailant in the *Times*, he thought it well to state his position with clearness and precision in an article contributed to the *American Catholic Quarterly*, under the title of 'The Law of Nature Divine and Supreme.'

Reiterating in plain terms the right of the poor to sustenance, no less than the obligation of others to support them when necessary, he explained the origin of the dispute in which he had been involved. The Poor Law had been attacked—it will be remembered that it was with the administration and not with the law that he had found fault—and it was in defending it that he had made the declaration that had given so much offence. He had affirmed that its foundation was the natural right of the poor to 'work or bread.' The next morning the *Times* had rebuked him for countenancing this 'popular

fallacy.' To call it a fallacy was to call it a falsehood, and from the imputation of having been guilty of a falsehood the Cardinal proceeded to defend himself in language little more calculated to propitiate his assailants than the utterance by which the attack had been called forth.

Natural law, he contended, was supreme over all positive law. So strict was the natural right of every man to life, and to the food necessary for the sustenance of life, that it prevailed over all positive laws of property. Necessity had no law, and a starving man had a natural right to his neighbour's bread. Before the natural right to live, all human laws must give way. 'I have committed *lèse majesté*,' he added, 'by rudely reminding some who rule over public opinion in London of the fresh mother earth and the primæval laws which protect her offspring. I was unconscious of my audacity. I thought I was uttering truisms which all educated men knew and believed. But I found that these primary truths of human life were forgotten, that on this forgetfulness a theory and a treatment of our poor had formed a system of thought and action which hardens the heart of the rich and "grinds the faces of the poor." I am glad, therefore, that I said and wrote what is before

the public, even though for a time some men have called me a socialist and a revolutionist, and have fastened upon a subordinate consequence and neglected the substance of my contention in behalf of the natural rights of the poor.'

The part played by Cardinal Manning in solving the American difficulty leads up to the question of the measure and extent of his influence in such matters at the Vatican. In the absence of direct and specific evidence it is impossible to determine the question with certainty, but there are not wanting those who trace in the line adopted by Leo XIII. towards social problems the influence of the English Cardinal.

In spite of his extreme love and veneration for Pius IX., the later years of his Pontificate, viewed in their political aspect, and following in sorrowful sequence upon the brilliant promise of its opening, can scarcely have been regarded by Cardinal Manning as conducive to the furtherance of the work he had at heart, in the conciliation of the love and trust of the democracy. But if he had lamented, he had lamented in silence; or had confined his remonstrances to special lines of policy—such as that pursued in

Italian affairs—which he might have hoped to modify. He was a Lamennais, says the same French writer quoted before [1]—who, though anonymous, may be taken as representing a certain body of opinion—in the hierarchical and orthodox frame. Lamennais was impatient and exaggerated; Cardinal Manning, a diplomaitst and a peace-maker, recognised the limits of boldness, and the conditions of the evolutions he held to be necessary. At his death he had seen all his ideas afoot, living, luminous, irresistible. The evolution was on the eve of being an accomplished fact. The great modern Pope sympathised with the great democratic Bishop. The world had been Romanised; Rome ought now to be universalised, and perhaps, more than any other man, Cardinal Manning understood the situation. The cordiality of his relations with Leo XIII. was never interrupted. Cardinal Simeoni might complain of his activity, and say of him, *Scrive troppo*, but the Pope constantly sought his advice, and it was he who determined his movement towards democracy.[2]

That he would have laboured towards that end is certain. To bring home to the minds of the poor, the unhappy, the oppressed, the fact that

[1] Page 5. [2] *Nouvelle Revue*, 1892.

the Church of Christ was their natural protector and friend he counted no toil too great. His sympathies were at the service of all who were working in that direction, in England or abroad. In the account of a conversation with him published by the Abbé Lemire[1]—a visitor with two friends, at Archbishop's House in the autumn of 1888—the eagerness with which he entered into the subject of France and her difficulties is described. What she most wanted was, in his opinion, liberty, and above all liberty of association. The Revolution had destroyed private initiative. Centralisation was death. Paris dominated France; her people had become used to that tyranny and awaited orders before taking action. Let them not be constantly asking for directions from the Government, but act for themselves.

As to the French Church, he was ever an advocate of its disestablishment, and he expressed his opinion frankly to his French visitors, two of whom were priests. To be paid was to lose prestige. Liberty, it was true, was poverty; but it was likewise public consideration, dignity and strength. A government made no account of those it paid—it knew it was difficult for men who received money to impose conditions.

[1] Le Cardinal Manning et son Action Sociale.

As the visit was about to conclude, the Cardinal's attention strayed to a boy of nine or ten who had accompanied his guests, and whose eyes were wandering to the portraits on the walls.

'Is that child to be a priest?' he asked, turning abruptly and characteristically from the consideration of abstract principles and national questions to the thought of his little visitor's future.

'As God wills,' was the answer of the father; and with the Cardinal's blessing the interview ended.

A letter to M. Harmel, the apostle of the *Usine Chrétienne*, reiterated, in 1890, in emphatic language, his convictions as to the need of conditions of labour which should render life human and domestic, as in great industrial centres was not possible at present. For that end three things were vitally necessary—faith in God and obedience to His laws; cordiality of relationship between employers and employed; and a true correspondence between profits and wages.

Some months later, in acknowledging a number of the *xxième Siécle*, he was no less explicit in defining his own attitude towards the problems of the day and the exaggerated individualism he held to be responsible for what he deplored. The coming century would show that human society

was greater and nobler than what was merely individual; although this doctrine, based on the law of nature and Christianity, was charged with socialism. It would be seen in the future, by the light of reason, what was the social condition of the world of labour, and upon what laws the Christian society of humanity rested. Politicians and political economists had had their day. The twentieth century would belong to the people and to the laws of common prosperity under Christian government.

'The twentieth century would belong to the people.' There are men who recognise the fact and deplore it; who, admitting that the future must be dominated by the democracy, and that therefore terms must be made with it, bow to the necessity reluctantly, grudgingly, ever casting backward glances at a condition of things in greater conformity with their sense of fitness and right. Such was not Cardinal Manning's standpoint. To a future under the suzerainty of the peoples he looked forward with a glad and generous faith. That the old order should pass away was in accordance with the working of natural laws. To deny the justice of those laws would be to impugn the moral government of the world.

It was, however, inevitable that the militant tone of his letter, together with the doctrines enunciated, should have given fresh offence. 'My letter to the *xxième Siécle* has caused irritation in England,' he wrote to the Comte de Mun, connected as leader with the Association Catholique, 'I, like you, am charged with socialism. But here socialism is little studied —it is a party cry.' In the same letter he reiterated his sanguine anticipations of what the future would bring forth. 'The coming century will belong neither to the capitalists, nor to the bourgeoisie, but to the people. . . . If we win their confidence, we can counsel them. If we oppose them blindly, all good may be destroyed. I hope much from the action of the Church, whom all governments despoil and reject. Her true home is with the people. It hears her voice.'

Religion, in fact—so Canon William Barry sums up the matter—must be made the heart of democracy, democracy the hands of religion.[1] To effect that object was one of the main aims of the Cardinal's later years; and before his death the Encyclical dealing with the conditions of labour, put forth by Leo XIII., was to him a supreme cause of joy and thanksgiving. Promulgated some

[1] *Dublin Review*, April 1908. 'Rome and Democracy.'

eighteen months after Cardinal Manning's letter to the Comte de Mun had been written, the tone assumed by the Pope was in full accord with his most ardent aspirations, and the step was in his eyes full of promise for the future. How far his own influence was directly responsible for the pronouncement must again remain uncertain; but passages contained in it go far to support the contention of those who believed they detected his hand in its composition.

'There is a dictate of nature,' wrote Leo XIII., 'more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man, that the remuneration of the wage-earner must be sufficient to support him in reasonable and frugal comfort.' Strikes were recognised as a lawful means of exercising restraint upon employers; unions and co-operation amongst workmen were approved, the phrase 'freedom of contract' was made provisional. It was true that many of the principles laid down were of the nature of those truisms conceived by the Cardinal to be accepted by all educated men. But truisms acquire fresh force when enunciated by a Pope; and those who were struggling to obtain for the poor their just rights may well have drawn encouragement from the utterance. It was welcomed as a step in the

right direction even by some from whom it seemed to dissent, and though certain passages appeared to be aimed against the teaching of Henry George, the American reformer maintained that they were based upon a misapprehension of his doctrines due to misrepresentation ; and he expressed in an open letter to the Pope his conviction that in the Encyclical all his postulates were stated or implied. The beliefs in question being the primary perceptions of human reason, as well as the fundamental teaching of the Christian Church, Mr. George declared that, so far from shunning the judgment of religion—that tribunal of which the Pope was the most august representative—he earnestly sought it ; ending with an impassioned appeal to Pope Leo to carry on the work that had been begun.

'Servant of the servants of God,' he concluded, . . . 'in your hands, more than in those of any living man, lies the power to say the word and make the sign that shall end an unnatural divorce, and marry again to religion all that is pure and high in social aspiration.'

If by reformers outside the Church the Encyclical was thus warmly welcomed, to Cardinal Manning, put forth only a few months before his death, and when his practical work was finished, it

came more especially to endorse and bless his teaching on social questions: with the Pope's words sounding in his ears he could sing his Nunc Dimittis. In a paper dealing with the utterance he made, in his own phrase, his political testament as to matters social, repeating for the last time the convictions which, the result of a life-time, had strengthened with time and experience. 'L'injustice et la misère sociale,' wrote M. Brunetière, 'l'ont lui-même ému d'une pitié plus profonde á mesure qu'il devenait en quelque sorte plus catholique, et s'il a merité d'être appelé par ses compatriotes le Cardinal des Ouvriers il le doit au progrès de son détachement de soi-même.' Though all might not concur in the wording of the statement, it may be admitted by everyone that a voluntary sacrifice of selfish interests, a progressive detachment from the world and the things of the world, as well as from class prejudice, is a means of acquiring an increased power of sympathetic comprehension of the condition of men to whom privation is no matter of choice; who tread of necessity the hard and steep path of renunciation, and who are the disinherited of the nations.

In the Cardinal's formal commentary upon the Encyclical he hailed it as a voice pleading for the

people as no other Pontiff had pleaded before. None other had had the opportunity offered to Leo XIII., who, looking out of the watch-tower of the Christian world, had before him what no other Pontiff had seen—the kingdoms of the world and the suffering of them. The moan of discontent and sorrow and toil went up. The modern world had become confluent. With facilitated means of intercommunication, toilers and workers were united by one living consciousness. The world of to-day was a world of enormous wealth and endless labour; the heart of the Pope was with the poor—he had compassion on the multitude. And the Cardinal thanked God.

CHAPTER XIII

The Dockers' Strike.

IT was during the year 1889, nearly two years before the issue of the Encyclical, that the episode occurred which, more than any other, afforded evidence of the place won by the people's Cardinal, and the work he had done.

For close upon twenty-five years he had laboured unweariedly for the welfare of his poorer countrymen, men, women and children, to whatever denomination they might belong. He had found the condition of public feeling and the strength of traditional prejudice such that prominent members of the established Church and of dissenting bodies alike would have shrunk from appearing upon a platform at the side of a Catholic dignitary. Gradually and patiently he had effected a change, until men of all opinions, religious, non-religious, and anti-religious, were glad to welcome him as a fellow-worker. But above all, and immeasurably more important, he had made the working men of London feel that in the Cardinal Archbishop they could confidently count upon a friend at need.

For their sake he had braved denunciation as socialist and communist, had faced the disapproval of friends as well as of opponents, and had never striven to disguise opinions courting and inviting condemnation. Whether his views had been put forward in writing or in speech it had ever been done openly. From the first he had determined against anonymous intervention in current affairs. 'Whenever I have been compelled to put no name to any writing, as in newspapers,' he said, 'I have always let it be known that I was the writer.'

His great work had been carried on gradually; men had become accustomed to his intervention in public affairs, to his presence on Royal Commissions, to his association with all bodies engaged in social reform; but the scope and extent of what had been accomplished was probably unsuspected by those who had not either shared or followed closely the details of the Cardinal's labours. It was the history of the Dockers' Strike which enlightened the world as to the position he held. Belonging to the last epoch of his life, the affair fitly summed up the achievements of the years he had ruled at Westminster.[1]

[1] For the history of the strike I am mainly indebted to the account of it given by Mr. Llewellyn Smith and Mr. Vaughan Nash, to Mr. Sydney Buxton's contribution to Archbishop Temple's Life, and to the accounts in the *Times*.

The great strike had its beginnings—small beginnings showing little cause for uneasiness or excitement—in the middle of August 1889. A month later it had run its course, had enlisted the mass of public opinion on its side, had received the generous financial support of Australia, without which the struggle could scarcely have been brought to a successful end ; and had won what it demanded, without bloodshed and without disorder ; though at the cost of how much suffering to the men who took part in it, their wives and their children, of how much anxiety, fear and misgiving to those seeking to guide and stem and control the great force set loose, none can tell.

On August 29th, the strike had already lasted a fortnight, and neither party showed signs of surrender. The demands of the men had been formulated ; they had been refused. Money had not yet begun to come in from without to any appreciable degree, and hunger and destitution were staring the strikers in the face. The situation, too, was not without other disquieting features for those who looked on.

'Disorder and horse-play,' said the Cardinal afterwards, 'which at any moment might turn to collisions with the people or the police, were imminent. . . . At any moment a drunkard, or a

madman, or a fool, might have set fire to the docks and warehouses. The commercial wealth of London, and the merchandise of the world, the banks and wharves of the Thames, might have been pillaged and the conflagration might have spread for hours before order, at unimaginable loss, could be restored. And all this,' pursued the Cardinal, 'because a strike is "a matter between us and our men."'

The Directors were to be reminded that two other parties besides masters and men, employers and employed, were interested in the struggle—namely, the multitude of suffering women and children, and the whole peaceful population of London.

Before this wholesome consideration had been forced upon their attention, a desperate step had been proposed. This was no less than the issue of an appeal to all the trades of the metropolis to join in a general strike. It would have been a policy, if not of despair, of something approaching to it. Already the skilled labour of the docks and the riverside industries, with nothing to gain by their loyalty, had determined to throw in their lot with the dockers, and to support them in their demands. It was now decided to attempt to move the entire trade of London to take up a

similar attitude, and on the night of Thursday, August 29th, a no-work manifesto was drawn up by the leaders of the strike, calling upon all fellow-workmen to desist from work on the following Monday.

The proximate cause of the step had been an offer from the joint Committee of Directors, sitting in Dock House, Leadenhall Street, which, wearing the guise of concession, practically left many of the men's grievances untouched. At Wade's Arms, Poplar, where the daily meetings of the executive of the strike were held, the disappointment had been bitter, expressing itself in this appeal for assistance from their comrades.

The wisdom of the measure was more than doubtful. It was calculated, in the first place, to alarm the general public, and to alienate the sympathy hitherto shown. It was also uncertain in the extreme whether the response made would be sufficient to counterbalance the damage thereby inflicted upon the cause. Friendly as the Trades Unions were to the men on strike, the demand was one to tax their disinterestedness to the utmost. Would it stand the strain? The question is fortunately left without an answer.

On the Friday following the issue of the no-work manifesto, and when two days still remained

before it would come into active operation, Cardinal Manning made his first effort to act as mediator between the belligerents. In an interview with the Directors he urged upon them reconsideration of their position, pointed to the chances of riot and bloodshed, and warned them plainly, that in case of disorder, they would be charged by the public with the responsibility.

His protest, as might have been expected, was fruitless. It was not likely that, at the present stage of the struggle, the Directors—so far masters of the situation—would have consented to listen to the counsels and warnings of one they naturally regarded as an intermeddler in matters with which he had no concern. The step taken by the men on the previous night, if not a blunder, had been at the least a confession of their desperate condition, and was no incentive to the employers to give way. In his reply to the Cardinal, the spokesman of the Joint Committee reasserted their right to buy labour at the cheapest rate at which it could be obtained. It remained to be proved what that rate was.

On the very day that the unpopular manifesto had been made public, the outlook had changed. It had become known that Australia was coming to the rescue, and the first instalments of the

money afterwards contributed with lavish generosity had been received. It was rendered possible, though not easy, to wait, and on the Saturday the appeal to the Trades was withdrawn before it had had time to take practical effect.

The days went on, and as the struggle showed no signs of terminating, Cardinal Manning, like others, waited and watched; haunted by the fear that some irresponsible agitator might stir up the passions of the men; and that the order hitherto maintained by their leaders—Burns, Tillett, Champion and the rest—might be followed by riot and bloodshed. The possibility might well be a terror to those who had the men's interests at heart.

On September 5, a summons to more active intervention reached the Cardinal, in the shape of a message from the leaders of the strike to the effect that the coal-heavers, who, after throwing in their lot with the Dock labourers had returned to work, were again prepared to join the strike in case the Directors refused to come to terms. The menace was a serious one. Had the coal supply failed, railroads and gas-works would have been affected; and the Cardinal, with full appreciation of the threatening crisis, set to work without delay to avert it.

When the strike was a thing of the past, Mr. Boulton, Chairman of the London Board of Conciliation, established to meet similar difficulties, in discussing the affair with the Cardinal, frankly stated his opinion that, though a debt of profound gratitude was due to him for having brought it to a conclusion, yet that the arbitration of an individual was not a safe or normal method of settling labour disputes. He was undoubtedly right, and the Cardinal, after a short pause, expressed his concurrence in the view. It was not, he agreed, part of the business of a prelate to fix rates of wages. But he offered a sufficient apology, if apology were needed, for his interference. Things had gone from bad to worse. He had received information making him certain that renewed efforts would be made to bring labourers from a distance—that the attempt would be met with resistance, and bloodshed would be the probable result. Finding that no other mediator acceptable to the opposed parties was available, he offered his services. Such was the explanation he gave of the motives which had caused his intervention.

No time was to be lost, and his first visit was paid to the Home Office, finding both Secretary and Under-Secretary absent from London. He

next proceeded to the Mansion House, where, though the Lord Mayor was in Scotland, he had an interview with his deputy, Sir Andrew Lusk, as well as with the second in command of the London police. On the following day, Friday, September 6th, Sir Andrew accompanied the Cardinal to the Dock House, and a visit was paid to the Directors. 'They received us very courteously,' recorded the Cardinal, 'but nothing came of it.'

By this time, if not before, the world at large had awakened to the importance of what was going forward. The Lord Mayor had returned to his post, and with the Bishop of London, come from Wales, was prepared to co-operate with the mediators already in the field, including Mr. Sydney Buxton—who, as member for Poplar, had been strenuously engaged in the work of relief—Lord Brassey, and Sir John Lubbock, Chairman of the London Chamber of Commerce. By some of these men, the Cardinal amongst them, an appeal to the shareholders was contemplated as a last resource, should their representatives prove obdurate. It was to be seen whether that step would be necessary.

On Friday the Conciliation Committee met at the Mansion House Burns and Tillett, summoned

thither by telegram. Upon the substantial justice of the men's demands the Committee were agreed; but it was considered that an interval of time should be granted to the Directors before the increase of wages insisted upon should come into operation. The length of that interval was the principal point under discussion. March 1 had been the date adopted by a majority of the Committee; but Burns and Tillett, called into consultation, protested against so long a postponement, and declared their belief that any such proposal would be rejected by the men.

'I appeal to your Eminence,' added Burns, and to you, my Lord Bishop, and to Mr. Buxton, whether the men in this strike have not behaved with "sweet reasonableness?"'

It was the Cardinal who answered, with an emphatic assent.

'My son, they have,' he said.

In that case, returned Burns, he thought they should not be asked to await till March the increase in their wages.

In the end a compromise was agreed upon. Terms were drawn up for the consideration of the Directors, including a rise in pay of a penny an hour, to come into force on January 1st. Should the Companies be willing to make this

concession, it was understood that the two leaders present—Champion and Mann had not received their summons in time to appear—would advise the men on strike to accept it. Their power extended no further.

That evening, accordingly, at six o'clock, the Lord Mayor, the Cardinal, and the Bishop of London, waited upon the Dock Directors. The Lord Mayor acquainted the Committee with the fact that supplies were pouring in upon him from Australia. He furthermore hinted at a Mansion House fund. It was made clear, had there previously been any doubt on the subject, that the strikers, should reasonable demands on their behalf be rejected, would not be permitted to fight their battle unsupported. The Cardinal, for his part, reiterated the warning he had already given, and pointed to the possibilities of disorder and bloodshed.

No definite answer was obtained that evening, but Mr. Norwood, representing the Directors, promised that the suggested compromise should receive consideration on the following day. On Saturday the four most prominent members of the Conciliation Committee—the Lord Mayor, the Cardinal, the Bishop and Mr. Buxton—waiting anxiously at the Mansion House, with Tillett and

Burns, received, at four in the afternoon, the reply of the Directors. It proved to be, on the face of it at least, a surrender.

Not without deprecation of the principle of interference from without, characterised by the Directors as 'a very dangerous departure in disputes between employers and workmen, and one that may have very far-reaching consequences in the future,' they admitted that the circumstances were so altered by the weight of the influence thrown by the members of the Conciliation Committee into the scales and by their representations —doubtless too by the weight of the unexpected Australian gold—that they were prepared to agree, under certain conditions, to the terms proposed. One of those conditions was that the labourers should signify through the Lord Mayor, the Cardinal, and the Bishop, the acceptance of the arrangement that very evening.

Such was the answer addressed to the four principal mediators. Such was the offer provisionally accepted by Burns and Tillett. Worn out and overstrained, they were for once not disposed to assume a critical attitude. The proposal came through men they trusted; overlooking the significance of the proviso that the answer was to be returned that night, they gave

an incautious welcome to the possibility of peace; and, though not pledging the men, hastened away to place the offer before the Strike Committee sitting at Wade's Arms.

At the Mansion House the mediators remained anxiously awaiting the result. At ten o'clock no answer had come, save a silence which boded ill for success and would leave the Directors a way of retreat from the concessions wrung from them. Between ten and eleven a reply was brought, to the effect that no decision could be arrived at that night.

'The next morning, Sunday,'—such are the Cardinal's words—'appeared a manifesto repudiating terms, negotiations and negotiators.' With what bitterness of disappointment he learnt that morning's tidings may be guessed.

What had happened has been variously represented, according to the bias and sympathies of the narrator, and by some Burns and Tillett have been freely charged with bad faith. That a grave blunder had been committed is certain, though it is less easy to place the responsibility for it, and the Directors were at length provided with a genuine grievance. The truth seems to be that the offer had been from the first quite inadequate to meet the situation, and that to accept it would

have been in large measure to forfeit the fruits of the strike. This fact, strangely misapprehended by the two leaders who had viewed it in some sort through the more unpractised eyes of the Mansion House mediators, was at once patent to the colleagues to whom it was submitted. The postponement of the rise of wages for three months—by which time the year's press of work would be over—was practically to postpone the benefit to be derived from it till the slack season following upon Christmas should be past. The money was imperatively needed and at once—on this point all were agreed, including, after discussion, Burns and Tillett themselves. Another, and not a less important fact, was certain. The men on strike would not endorse any acceptance of the proffered terms. They were accordingly unanimously rejected, and a manifesto was drawn up to deny the report current in the streets that the strike was at an end.

It was in this condition of things that the usual Sunday meeting was held in Hyde Park. By all the situation was considered critical. It is notoriously difficult to maintain enthusiasm on the part of a mass of men at a high point for any considerable period. Where it is necessarily accompanied by privation, strain, and effort, the difficulty is

incalculably enhanced. Financial assistance was still coming in, but there was a danger that the moral support drawn from the sense that the public opinion of England was, on the whole, on the side of the strike, would be forfeited. Sympathy had been lessened or alienated by the events of the previous day—due, in Mr. Sydney Buxton's opinion, to mutual misunderstanding—and, disheartened and weary of the protracted struggle, a portion of the men were inclined to surrender. Failure, after all that had been done, was more than possible, and failure meant the wasting of weeks of incessant toil and hardship.

The day was a hot autumn one. The usual procession to Hyde Park—described by a spectator—was attended by dwindling numbers. The men were tired and dispirited, public interest was on the wane. As a halt was made at Westminster, a thick haze hung about, obscuring the distance in which the long line of banners and men was lost.

The Park reached, the leaders did their best to re-animate the drooping spirits of the men. Let them hold together, urged Burns, as they had held together so far in spite of starving wives and children. He did not minimize the stress of the situation; they were in a worse case than soldiers

on the field of battle. Soldiers had death behind them and victory in front. The Dockers had worse than death behind—the living death wives and children had suffered for generations.

Champion also spoke, enforcing the maintenance of order, and pointing onwards to the boast it would be in the power of Englishmen to make, when the cause had been won without bloodshed or great waste of wealth. Turning to the question of the negotiations, he said they had been begun by Cardinal Manning, respected by all; who had told himself and Burns that his anxiety to see the strike ended was not alone in the interest of the 40,000 Roman Catholics joining in it, but in the interest of the other men for whom he had no less regard.

The meeting over, Tillett repaired to Archbishop's House, to make the formal announcement that the suggested compromise was declined; the Cardinal not disguising the fact that he felt that he had been placed in a false position, and negativing the suggestion of a march past his house.

The result of the failure was immediately apparent. The altered position in public estimation of the leaders who were considered to have been false to their pledge was indicated by the

withdrawal of the Bishop of London from any participation in future negotiations.[1] The Lord Mayor was irritated; but Cardinal Manning, with inexhaustible patience, summoned the leaders to a fresh conference in the afternoon, and in the end the Lord Mayor was likewise induced to continue his good offices, the Cardinal remaining the only ecclesiastic on the Conciliation Committee. 'I am not sure,' he said afterwards with a smile, 'whether any others of my episcopal brethren were in England at the time.'

The mediators had undoubtedly cause for serious annoyance at the scant ceremony or even courtesy

[1] Canon Mason, in a contribution to the 'Memoirs of Archbishop Temple' (vol. ii. p. 148), gives a curiously erroneous account of the affair, so far as the Bishop's action in it was concerned. 'As soon,' he says, 'as the main lines of the settlement were made, the Bishop returned to his holiday. It is, I dare say, true that the strikers themselves had won the main part of their cause before the ecclesiastics intervened; but the intervention at any rate brought about peace more quickly than it would otherwise have come—and especially the intervention of the Bishop of London. If the Bishop had not come, the Lord Mayor would not have come; and if the Lord Mayor had not come, I much doubt whether Manning's somewhat one-sided interposition might not even have delayed matters.' If it is fair to add that Canon Mason was writing from abroad, and without notes to guide him with regard to dates, the Editor of Archbishop Temple's Memoirs might have been expected to have corrected his mis-statements before allowing them to appear in print. An entry in Archbishop Benson's diary is marked by a more generous spirit. 'Cardinal Manning has done well for London,' he wrote on September 17, 'but why has my dear Bishop of London gone back and left it to him?'

with which they had been treated. But it was not a moment to allow personal considerations to weigh, nor was the Cardinal a man to do so. Though he had reluctantly signed, with his two colleagues, the Lord Mayor and the Bishop, the letter which, in Monday's newspapers, charged the men with a breach of faith, he was already, when it appeared, engaged in his fresh effort on their behalf. In his summary of the affair, he places his second act of mediation on this Sunday, describing it as 'the beginning again, on the 8th, after the manifesto of repudiation.'

Beginning again is proverbially a difficult business. Failure prophesies and paves the way for failure. What had passed had rendered the work of conciliation immeasurably harder. Through a blunder of their leaders the men had been placed apparently in the wrong; and public opinion—this must be repeated, since public opinion was an important factor in the matter—hitherto almost solidly in their favour, was veering. But to the aged priest at Westminster difficulties were only a more imperative call to set his hand to the work.

Meantime, at Tower Hill next day, a meeting was held, when Burns, announcing a further instalment of a thousand pounds from Australia, made

one of his most stirring speeches to his anxious and weary hearers. Let them stand together, he said, sick of the business though they were. It was the Lucknow of labour.

At three o'clock, the meeting over, seven of the chiefs of the strike, in response to a telegraphic summons, repaired once more to the Mansion House. Outside, they were met by Mr. Buxton; in the vestibule Cardinal Manning was found; who, having despaired of their coming, was preparing to go alone to Poplar, to visit in person the Strike Committee at its headquarters.

In carrying on his negotiations with the leaders he was confronted with no easy task. If the public were angry with the leaders, the leaders, on their side, were angry with the public—sore and embittered, they had been accused of bad faith and were in no forgiving mood. But if any man could hope to move them from their attitude of defiant hostility it was the Cardinal, and it was he who took the chief part in the argument that followed, pleading that he had had more experience of men than they. 'Than the lot of us put together,' agreed Burns, eager to make what admissions he could. Declining to accept any answer as final until the matter had been thoroughly discussed, the Cardinal in the end had his way, and the

recalcitrant leaders consented to join the Lord Mayor and Sir John Lubbock in the meeting room. It was when this had been done that one of the representatives of the men, Toomey by name, made the suggestion which, acted upon, resulted in peace. He proposed that the Cardinal should meet the United Strike Committees in Poplar at the Kirby Street schools, when he would have the opportunity of speaking face to face with the men upon whom the issue of the struggle depended.

That day, Tuesday, September 10th, was marked by Cardinal Manning as the date of the third act of mediation falling to his share. It was the beginning of the end.

When, with Mr. Buxton, he reached Poplar, it was five o'clock, the hour agreed upon. About sixty-five men were present in the room, and each man, at his request, was presented to him in turn by name, a species of personal relationship being thus established. The proceedings were then inaugurated by a speech in which Tillett stated his reasons for refusing the suggested compromise, the Cardinal in his reply dealing with the objections severally and making a fresh proposal, namely, that the difference in date between the demand of the men and the offer of the Directors should be

split, and that the increased rate of wages should begin on November 4th. For twenty minutes he spoke 'very patiently,' urging his hearers, with the air of gentle authority which won the hearts of all who had dealings with him throughout the strike, to consider, not themselves alone, but those dependent upon them and the public issues hanging upon their action.

Mr. Buxton spoke next, briefly endorsing what had been stated. But the men maintained their unconciliatory attitude. 'For two hours,' the Cardinal himself said, 'there was little hope. . . . Gradually a change came; and Mr. Champion moved a resolution adopting my proposal and empowering me to treat with the Directors. This was at last carried by twenty-eight to fifteen, nineteen Surrey men not voting, their demand being distinct from the north.'

Thus the victory is laconically described by its chief agent. A more detailed account of it is given elsewhere. Leader after leader had succumbed and advised surrender; Tillett alone was obdurate, Burns remaining neutral. The debate had gone on and still the issue hung in the balance. After more than three hours the Cardinal rose to make his ultimate appeal. Recapitulating what had passed, he turned for a moment from the men

to himself, and defined his position, accountable to no human authority and responsible to God alone. Then he adjured his hearers not to prolong the perilous uncertainty of that hour, and with it the sufferings of women and children. Manning was not a great orator, but he had the secret of stirring the hearts and emotions of his hearers. Overstrained, excited and moved by his words, there were those amongst his listeners whose eyes were wet. 'Just above his uplifted hand was a carved figure of the Madonna and Child, and some among the men tell how a sudden light seemed to swim round it as the speaker pleaded for the women and children. When he sat down all in the room knew in their own minds that he had won the day, and that, so far as the Councils were concerned, that was the end of the strike—the Cardinal's peace.'

A provisional agreement was signed and placed in his hands, with which he was empowered to go to the Directors, and the meeting broke up. When late that evening Westminster was reached, the Cardinal had touched no food since his dinner at one o'clock, yet so little was he in a condition of exhaustion that he could describe to his secretary all that had taken place. His victory sustained him till the work was done.

It remained to deal with the Dock House. On the Thursday a prolonged interview between the Cardinal and the Directors took place, a telegram from the Lord Mayor, who had been called out of London, authorising the former to speak in his name as well as in his own. 'I was therefore empowered by both the men and the Lord Mayor,' wrote the Cardinal afterwards. 'Hactenus Balaam's ass.'

The Directors proved harder to move than their opponents, and no definite answer was then given. 'I never in my life,' said the Cardinal, describing his visit, 'preached to so impenitent a congregation.' Nevertheless, complete friendliness was maintained, the Cardinal remaining to tea with the recalcitrant masters, before—loudly cheered by the crowd as he left—he proceeded to meet the representatives of the opposite party, whose signatures were necessary before the Directors would consent to give their consideration to any proposal.

If there was still much to be done, every one knew that since the meeting in Poplar the end was a foregone conclusion. The Directors might attempt to save their dignity by difficulties and hesitation, but they were conquered; and Burns' speech on Tower Hill, on Friday, September 13,

was that of a captain when the battle is over. Amongst those who had tried to put an end to it, he must, he said, give the premier position to Cardinal Manning. That such a man should have championed their cause was a compliment to the Dock Labourers.

Saturday, September 14, saw the struggle formally concluded. Beginning the day's work by an interview with representatives of the Lightermen's Work and Wages Committee; the Cardinal next attended a meeting of the Association of Master Lightermen and Barge Owners at Eastcheap. Late in the afternoon he was again at Dock House; and proceeded immediately afterwards to the Mansion House, where a final meeting of the Conciliation Committee with the Strike leaders took place. Speeches were made by Burns and by the Lord Mayor, and lastly by the Cardinal. The Lord Mayor, he said, had so fully expressed what he felt that he hesitated to add anything. But he should like to dwell upon the singular self-command and order that had prevailed. The strike had not been stained by anything that could detract from its honour, and he hoped the future would be equally unstained. As regarded himself, had he not done the little he had attempted to do he would have been guilty of

a dereliction of duty. He had simply done what he felt to be incumbent upon him from the position he held; and what he was bound to do for the love of his dear country, and the love of all men joined together in the brotherhood of their commonwealth.

So the long day ended. The proposed date was accepted; the Lightermen were won over by the Lord Mayor and the Cardinal, the Surrey Side Committee by Mr. Buxton and Mr. Burns. The agreements were signed, and that night a notice was posted outside Wade's Arms, to the effect that the strike was at an end, and that all men were to resume work on Monday. The 'Cardinal's peace' was triumphant.

Cardinal Manning did not escape—he could scarcely be expected to escape—the ungenerous charge of having made capital out of the opportunity for ends of his own. In view of the assertion that his intervention had been no more than a successful bid for popularity, Mr. Boulton considered it his duty to state his personal conviction, 'that his action throughout the whole of these labour troubles was dictated by complete disinterestedness and self-abnegation.' The same authority also paid a tribute to the Cardinal's earnestness and sincerity during that critical

juncture as well as afterwards; his welcome of criticism, and readiness to listen to adverse arguments; dwelling likewise upon 'the charm and dignity of his manner and his clear and quick appreciation of points urged in opposition to his own conclusions.' From the Chairman of the London Board of Conciliation, in disagreement with him not only upon questions of religion, but upon various political issues, Mr. Boulton's testimony may be allowed to carry special weight.

Thus ended one of the most remarkable episodes in Cardinal Manning's career. 'I believe,' he wrote to a friend, 'that our Lord used me as he did Balaam's ass. I have been so long working with working men that it is no difficulty to me; and somehow I am known to the English working men as well as to any. They listened to me readily from the first.' Perhaps nothing is more significant of the degree to which he had identified himself with the struggle than the tone of a brief notice of the affair he contributed, at the request of an editor, to a magazine. Excusing himself from enlarging on the subject, since it is not those who have fought in a battle who are best qualified to describe it, he added that, 'without any blind self-praise,' he believed he might say that since the Cotton Famine of the north there had been

no nobler example of self-command—the self-command of the men—the measured language and courtesy of the employers.[1]

In his eighty-first year—it is difficult, in the face of the arduous and strenuous activity of those days to bear in mind the fact of his great age—he had been given the opportunity of testifying by act and deed what can never be equally demonstrated by words written or spoken, his convictions upon one of the greatest problems of the day—the relations of capital and labour.

'It is not true,' he wrote more than a year later, 'that such contests are the private affairs of masters and men. But the theory will not die until it is killed by some public catastrophe.'

'But, your Eminence,' some one had protested during the fight, 'it is socialism that you are encouraging.'

'I do not know whether it means socialism to you,' was his reply. 'To me, it means Christanity.'

Of the strike itself, John Burns, writing when it was over, and he was in a position to look back and take stock of loss and gain, asked the question had it been worth while—the misery entailed, the hardship, the privation, the hunger—and he answered in the affirmative.

[1] *New Review*, October 1889.

'The capacity for self-sacrifice is the philosopher's stone that every agitator seeks for. He is powerless until he finds it; finding it, he has no more to ask. This power of self-sacrifice has been the great note of the Dockers' Strike.'[1]

[1] *New Review*, October 1889.

CHAPTER XIV

Split in the Irish Party—Manning's Attitude—His Forecasts —Interview with M. Boyer d'Agen.

FOLLOWING upon the episode of the Dockers' Strike—that brilliant postscript to the Cardinal's long life-story—came another of a different character.

There are pages in the lives of all men that a biographer would prefer to leave unwritten, more especially when the facts they contain seem to be at variance with the traditions of a lifetime, and to have, so to speak, no right to their place on the record.

The course pursued by Cardinal Manning at the time of the split in the Irish Party, during the winter of 1890-91, comes to those who have followed his steps so far with a shock of disappointment. It is fair, on the other hand, that, in judging of a line of conduct and in seeking the motives by which it was dictated, a man's previous career should be taken into account. Cardinal Manning had doubtless his failings. He was

guilty of errors of judgment; he had probably been frequently mistaken in his estimates of men; he was self-reliant and, as some might call it, headstrong to a fault, and slow to confess to an error; but the critic looks in vain for the abandonment of a cause in deference to expediency; nor had he ever been prone to be led or swayed by the clamour of the multitude. His own words leave no doubt that he concurred in the sacrifice of the Irish leader and must be allowed to rank him, on this solitary occasion, with the crowd to whom the verdict of a court of law on a matter of private conduct sets the line of demarcation between the culprit who is eligible for public life and him who is to be excluded from it. But it is no more than just to seek for his conduct a motive other than the ignoble opportunism by which mere politicians were swayed. Such a motive is found in a letter he wrote at the time.

'For many years,' he said, 'I have held that a judicial record such as that in Mr. Parnell's case disqualifies a man for public life. From the moment of this deplorable divorce case I have held Mr. Parnell to be excluded from leadership, not on political but on moral grounds.'

For once his clear-sightedness was at fault. He

failed to perceive all that was involved in the admission of the principle of judging a public man upon private issues, and of allowing an action affecting neither the confidence to be placed in him as a political leader, nor his capacity for the performance of his duties, to preclude him from continuing to occupy his post. But if the Cardinal committed an error of judgment, he was not guilty, like others, of acting in servile obedience to a mere popular outcry. The moment the decree had become known, so Morley states, he had written to the Irish Bishops to express his persuasion, not only that Mr. Parnell's leadership could not be upheld in London, but that no political expediency could outweigh the moral sense, and that plain and prompt speech was safest.[1] He is therefore cleared from the imputation of having held his judgment suspended until convinced, like Mr. Gladstone—avowedly subservient to the English voter; like the majority of the Irish Members; like the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Ireland, that political expediency and self-interest required the abandonment of the leader.[2]

[1] See Morley's 'Life of Gladstone.'

[2] See Morley's 'Life of Gladstone.' The story is made clear by an examination of dates. The decree of the Law Court was made on November 17. On November 18, Mr. Gladstone expressed

Even had he foreseen what were to be the consequences to Ireland and to its hopes of the policy pursued, it is not likely that he would have modified his line of conduct. But if his sagacity had failed him upon the abstract question at issue, it had done so no less upon the result of the present application of the principle. Viewed in conjunction with subsequent events, it is easy to see how, as a matter of worldly wisdom alone, the sacrifice of their chief, in deference to an English party cry and at the bidding of an English statesman, was destined to prove fatal to the hopes of his followers. Yet so little had Manning apprehended the true character and extent of the catastrophe that, in a letter to Mr. Justin M'Carthy, the pilot who had replaced Mr. Parnell at the helm, he wrote that he saw Ireland 'rising and re-organising itself, after a passing obscuration, upon the old and only lines

surprise at the quiescence of the Irish Bishops and clergy. The meeting in Leinster Hall took place on November 20th, no sign of revolt being apparent at it. In London, on November 25, Mr. Parnell was re-elected to the leadership by the Irish Party, still ignorant of the line adopted by Mr. Gladstone, which became public immediately after, with the well-known result. Not until November 30th did the Irish Bishops pronounce against Mr. Parnell, Archbishop Walsh explaining that they had been slow to act, trusting that the party would act manfully, and complaining that their considerate silence and reserve were being dishonestly misinterpreted.

which had unfolded its noble life throughout the world.'

The words, in the light of what was to follow, read like irony. More inexplicable and inconsistent still, save on the hypothesis that he was yielding to a passing access of anger and disappointment, is the statement he has been quoted as making in a private letter, to the effect that for ten years Ireland had been dragged by politicians, and that it was now his hope that it would return to its old guides.

Such is briefly the history, so far as it can be constructed from available records, of the share taken by Cardinal Manning in the Irish disaster. Whatever may be thought of it, it is curious and interesting to find that too late, and when death had removed the captain alone capable of leading Ireland to victory, he explicitly recognised the services Mr. Parnell had rendered to the country, paying him a tribute scarcely to be reconciled with his earlier attitude, and seeming to contain a tardy and tacit admission of error. The last man to give expression to useless sentiment; the last, when the time for practical reparation was past, to utter vain regrets; the last, it must be added, to acknowledge himself mistaken, there is nevertheless discernible in the account of a visit

paid him by M. Boyer d'Agen, in the autumn of 1891, something of what was in his mind as the Irish chief was carried to his grave.

Death, indeed, makes many things plain. 'When such a man as Parnell passes,' says one who knew him, 'all the infirmities of life fall off, and only his originality and greatness remain. Then it becomes a marvel that the multitude of rats has been the undoing of the lion.'[1] In the Cardinal's full recognition of the life's work of the dead, there are surely traces of a reconsideration of that verdict which had, two years earlier, concurred in his repudiation. It was not, he told his visitor, for a priest to pronounce judgment on the political ground of Home Rule. What a priest had a right to recognise was that, a Protestant by birth, Parnell had ever remained an Irishman, and in working for the emancipation of Ireland had not separated religion from the land. Others, in the pages reserved in the history of national vindications for Ireland's great patriot and England's victim, would tell of the good he had done. A priest might point out, in praise of the leader of a cause, the harm he had not done. He had never divided Irish religion from Irish politics.

[1] 'A Memory of Parnell.' R. B. Cunninghame Graham.

Fighting for the independence of the land, he had safeguarded Catholic independence. Irreproachable in his politics, he was said to have failed personally. England had declared it by her judges and proved it before her tribunals. In that declaration and in those tribunals Catholics had nothing to gainsay. Irish Catholics might salute with respect the honoured remains of a man who had loved his country until death. A day would come when, sunk in religious conflict, that country would understand the statesman it had lost in the person of Parnell.[1]

[1] The Cardinal died before there had been time for him to correct, as he had promised, the proofs of M. Boyer d'Agen's account of the conversation. It must therefore remain, in a sense, unauthorised.

CHAPTER XV

The End Approaching—Farewells—The Cardinal's Jubilee —Congratulations—Last Months—Death—His Funeral.

THE end of the long life was approaching; the Cardinal's work was soon to be over. Ten years earlier he had already looked upon the night as at hand, and had prepared a paper, left for posthumous publication, in which he in some sort took his last leave of his clerical subordinates. Moved at that date to anger by the virulence of certain newspaper attacks of which he had been the object, it had been the desire of many of his loyal clergy to present him with an address expressive of their indignation, and though the plan was not carried into effect, the document drawn up by the Cardinal was of the character of a reply to the personal and offensive insinuations of the press; made, not to the hostile public, but to those associated with him in his work, 'whose brotherly affection had opened both his lips and his heart.' Never communicated during his lifetime to those to whom it was addressed, it con-

tained his farewell to them, and belongs, as such, to this last stage of his career.

Reviewing his past, and entering into an explanation of facts misrepresented or open to misrepresentation, he concluded by a confession of inevitable mistakes, and craved forgiveness from God and man. 'It cannot be that in a life so active, so public, and so various, for more than forty years, I have not acted rashly, hastily, unwisely. But I have endeavoured to have a conscience without offence towards God and towards man. In these thirty years, and above all in the last sixteen, you must have much to forgive. There is only one thing of which I feel that I can say I am innocent. I have never consciously or intentionally wronged any one. What I may unconsciously or unintentionally have done I dare not say. I ask forgiveness of God and of you. I thank you from my heart for the words of affection which have drawn all this from me.'

It was a premature leave-taking. When the paper was written ten long years more remained before the Cardinal was to lay down his work. But now the end could not be far off; and as he looked on, his soul was often troubled and anxious. Conscious as he must have been that the position he had filled in the life of the English nation was

in a sense unparalleled, he could scarcely fail to be solicitous concerning the future, when he would be no longer at hand to pilot the ship. Who would be charged with the duty of carrying on the work he had begun? How would that work prosper in other hands?

As before, the private notes belonging to those last months admit the reader to his confidence. In the loneliness scarcely separable from the old age of a childless priest, he recalled the past, and made his forecasts of the future. As early as 1888, illness and increasing age and weakness had warned him of the growing uncertainty of his tenure on life. 'How slight a push,' he then wrote, 'will send an old man over into sleep.' His days were now—it was with him a favourite simile—'a *tempus clausum*, a slowing into the terminus.' Tenacious as he was of retaining his place at the helm, the thought would sometimes obtrude itself that, released from the responsibilities attaching to his great position, he would be more at rest; but it did not take permanent hold on him, and the hope that he would die 'on the field and in harness,' was a truer expression of his normal condition of mind. Yet the end, like the skull in the cell of an anchorite, was ever before him. 'I feel I may be called at any

moment,' he wrote on the last day of 1888. . . . 'I count upon nothing but the day . . . it is so small a thing that would put life out. . . . My active life is over.' Again, in the following April, 'I hope that a lasting work has been left at least in London. . . . My only contacts with the world have been public and for work, and especially for the poor and the people. Looking back, I am conscious how little I have done, partly from want of courage, partly from over-caution. And yet caution is not cowardice.'

When congratulations poured in upon him at the completion of his eightieth year, his sister, thirteen years older, sent him a singular note of warning. Not by the length of a man's days but by how they were spent, she reminded him, he would be judged. Gently and humbly the Cardinal accepted the admonition.

'I never forget that,' he observed. 'And yet what I have done is nothing, and I go empty-handed to my Redeemer.'

A final entry in the diary wherein his reminiscences, views, opinions, hopes, and forecasts are registered, bears the date November 9, 1890, and fitly closes the record of his labours.

'I remember,' he wrote, looking back over the long years dividing the Archdeacon of Chichester

from the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, 'I remember how often I have said that my chief sacrifice in becoming Catholic was "that I ceased to work for the people of England, and had thenceforward to work for the Irish occupation in England." Strangely, all this is reversed. If I had not become Catholic I could never have worked for the people of England, as in the last year they think I have worked for them. Anglicanism would have fettered me. The liberty of truth and of the church has lifted me above all dependence and limitations. This seems like the latter end of Job, greater than the beginning. I hope it is not the condemnation that all men speak well of me.'

If there is a note of conscious victory in the words, few will grudge the Cardinal his sense of a work accomplished, a triumph achieved. The quiet and thankful acknowledgment of hard-won success closes the pages of self-revelation which, more than the cold criticism of strangers, the reluctant commendation of a biographer, the panegyrics of friends, or the dispraise of opponents, place the writer before us.

Six months earlier, his Silver Jubilee as Archbishop of Westminster had been celebrated, men of all creeds and classes joining in their congratu-

lations. The tokens of appreciation, admiration, and affection took various forms. In heading a deputation entrusted with a sum of money designed to remove or lighten the debt upon the Pro-Cathedral, Lord Ripon made special reference to the social services rendered by the Cardinal. 'I hope,' he said, 'it will not be out of accord with the sentiments of those whom I have the honour to represent, if I venture to say with how much pride my fellow Catholics regard the course which your Eminence has taken with respect to popular and especially social questions in this country.' The position acquired by his co-religionists in public life was, the speaker added, not only due to the dying out of prejudice, but also in a large degree to the course the Cardinal had pursued.

Following upon the congratulations of the convert statesman to the convert Cardinal, came a second deputation, when a large sum of money collected as a personal gift was presented by the Duke of Norfolk. In acknowledging it the Cardinal referred to a like offering made to him on his elevation to the Cardinalate. On that occasion, he said lightly, a friendly suspicion of his bad habits had been entertained, and he had been made to promise not to spend it. He had kept his word, giving it over at once for the

mensa of the Archbishop of Westminster. 'I do not complain,' he said, 'of the suspicion as a rash judgment. Much has passed through my hands in these five and twenty years. Nothing has stayed under this roof. All has gone into the work which has been entrusted to me.' No such stipulations, however, had accompanied the present gift, and he proceeded to state his intentions with regard to it. His desire was to die, as a priest ought, without money and without debts. As that time could not be far off, he made his will *in procinctu*, as it was called, girded for battle as a soldier going into the fray; and he gave an account of the objects to which the money would be devoted. Other tributes were applied to other works of charity, a sum presented by the Trades Union being used to found a bed at the London Hospital. But of the events marking this June, the most interesting, to us who read of it in the account of an eye-witness,[1] is the scene when a deputation of Dockers came to present the congratulations of their comrades to the man who had championed their cause. Kneeling one and all, whatever their faith or their unfaith, for his blessing, they presented their address, with £160, collected chiefly in pence. It was a tribute that

[1] *Daily Chronicle.*

might well stir his heart. It did. 'Think of it!' he whispered brokenly to one who stood near, as he held the illuminated sheet in his trembling hands—'how can I thank them?' then, 'stop, stop,' he said as the spokesman would have begun his speech; 'we are not all seated,' himself remaining standing until his old servant had fetched a sufficient number of chairs to accommodate those of his visitors who exceeded the thirty for whom preparation had been made.

Yet another presentation in honour of his Jubilee, though not taking place till some months later, was made by the Jewish community of London. Some ten years earlier, at the time of the Russian persecution, a delegation had waited upon him with the object of obtaining his sympathy and soliciting his aid on behalf of the victims. Eagerly he had promised both.

'You ask my protection, my sympathy, my help,' he had answered. . . . 'As a priest of God I will contend for you. All my strength is enlisted on your behalf.'

He had kept his word. And now the acting Chief Rabbi, Dr. Adler, on behalf of his brethren of Hebrew blood and faith, came to offer their homage, as Englishmen and as Jews, to one of England's most distinguished sons. As English-

men, it was rendered to the man who had laboured with unflagging zeal and signal success for the promotion of religious education; had proved the staunchest friend of the toiler; and had given a sadly needed impulse to the spread of charity and the union of hearts. As Jews, belonging to a nation never charged amongst its failings with ingratitude, the name of Cardinal Manning, said Dr. Adler, would ever, in virtue of what he had done for the victims of persecution, rank foremost in the annals of their race.

The note of cordial and brotherly appreciation was echoed in the Cardinal's response. After making allusion to the example of generosity and efficiency set by the Jewish community in their care of the sick, the poor, and children, 'I should not be true to my own faith,' he went on to say, 'if I did not venerate yours. There are, I believe, only three indestructible elements in the history of man—the people and faith of Israel, the Catholic Church, sprung from it, and the world which has persecuted both.' For the rest, all who were called Christian were not Christian—all were not of Israel who were called Israelites. Dark and terrible deeds had been done of which Israel, as a people, was guiltless; misdeeds had been committed by which the Catholic church was unstained.

In England equality happily prevailed; and Jews, sharing her strength, added to it. It was not thus in other lands. Men became what their rulers made them. Penal codes rendered loyal men disloyal, social vexations generated animosities that crushed the weak and stung men to madness. And the Cardinal ended by wishing all grace and blessing to his guests and their homes.

As the end drew near and his activities were necessarily limited, the Cardinal still continued to labour, if not by spoken word, by his pen; the last year being marked by two contributions to periodical literature, the one a paper on 'Darkest England,' the other dealing, in the *Contemporary Review*, with child labour. A description of the fashion in which his days were spent, supplied by himself not more than seven months before his death, shows that the long habit of toil remained unbroken.

Each morning, he said, brought a multitude of letters, opened by himself, of which many received an answer in his own hand, the rest keeping two secretaries busy. He had a long day, rising at seven, dining at half past one, having tea at seven, and often not going to rest till past eleven, after a day filled with work. From active labour he was inevitably debarred. Calling at Archbishop's

House some time in 1890, with the object of inducing him if possible to preside at a great demonstration in favour of the purification of music halls, Archdeacon Farrar had found him compelled to decline, though from no lack of sympathy or readiness to help. The Bishop of London—who in the end consented to occupy the chair—was hesitating as to the wisdom of doing so. Save on the score of health, the Cardinal did not hesitate for a moment. But health forbade.

'Whatever reason the Bishop of London has for hesitating,' he told the Archdeacon, 'there are eighty reasons why I should not go. When a man passes fourscore years he must obey his doctor's orders.'

Old as he was, it was hard to realise that his days of active service were over.

'I travel no more upon the earth,' he told M. Félix de Breux, when invited by the Society of Social and Political Science to give a conference at Brussels. But M. de Breux afterwards confessed that he had attached little importance to the words, so full of the future had he but lately found him. His interest in it continuing so keen, it was difficult to grasp the fact that it must be, in the order of nature, a future with which he had personally little concern.

If he could no longer go forth to his work, as in former days, he was as ready as ever to welcome it at home. Nor had his personal attraction and influence lessened. He could have sat with the Cardinal talking all night, said a stevedore—once a member of the Dockers' Strike Committee—who passed an evening with him in the February before he died. The conversation had turned upon matters interesting to both—the condition of the Dock labourers and the result of their strike, with the question of strikes in general, and what was to be gained by them. When the guest took leave—the Cardinal insisting on personally escorting him to the stairs, lest he should lose his way in the great house—a lasting effect had been produced. A man of avowedly little or no religion, the impression left upon the visitor by that evening's talk was not quickly effaced, and had kindled in him the desire to turn his life to better account.

Attendance at one public function the Cardinal could not forego; and in the August of this last year he was present at the great annual festival of the League of the Cross, driving down for the purpose to the Crystal Palace. His temperance work lay very close to his heart, and many and anxious were his forecasts concerning its future.

Public affairs too, domestic and foreign, continued to make good their claim upon his attention. To the October of this last year belongs the visit from M. Boyer d'Agen, of which mention has been already made. It was upon the clerical question in France that M. d'Agen had desired to obtain in the first place the opinion of the English Cardinal. Would the Church become republican, or would it not? The French Bishops having suspended their reply to this crucial question, it had occurred to him that Paris might possibly be reached through London, and the Archevêché in the rue de Grenelle by way of Archbishop's House, Westminster.

The autumn afternoon was closing in when d'Agen entered the Cardinal's presence; and as he looked at the old man leaning back in his chair of red and gold, his emaciated figure lost in the heavy folds of his cassock, it seemed to the stranger that he was gazing at a shadow clad in black and crimson. Frail though his body might be, he was prepared to discuss the questions of the hour with all his old vigour. As to the policy best to be pursued by the French episcopate, he delivered his opinion with characteristic absence of hesitation. The policies under

consideration might be many, one only would prevail—that inspired and confirmed by Leo XIII. —to adhere, that is, to the form of every legally constituted government, making reservation as to the men by whom it was represented. This was the policy of Cardinal Lavigerie; who, without taking the part of the Republic, had declared against hostility towards it.

On the Italian question he was also ready to give his opinion. His conviction that the taking of Rome had been a legalised robbery was no less strong than in former days. The Pope's position was in his eyes intolerable, and a standing menace to European peace. But he had no sympathy with partisan extravagances, such as had been lately perpetrated in Rome, where the cry of *À bas le roi*, raised by three young Frenchmen, had brought Italy and France to the verge of war. 'Est ce en conspuant Victor Emmanuel qu'on pense acclamer Léon XIII.?' he asked contemptuously. Should the Pope's position be rendered still more insupportable by a *gaminerie*? It must be left to time to modify or destroy the anti-papal will of Italy.

Turning to secular affairs in France, he deplored in particular the absence of a right of public meeting, and of freedom in kindred matters.

The lack of this freedom appeared indeed to him the most alarming feature of French legislation. In England, possessing the power of free election, the elector was above the member of the Government. Here, politics were an acquired science; in France they were nothing but an improvisation. All for the people and by the people, was the fundamental principle of a great republic. And he gave his blessing for a free France, and for those rights of meeting and association that she must at all costs vindicate.

Whilst public questions retained their full interest for him, personal criticism had not lost its importance. 'Certes on m'attaqueront,' he wrote in the October of his last year, requesting that some numbers of the *Figaro* should be sent him; 'Je voudrais voir les assauts.' The time was at hand when the attacks of enemies, like the commendations of friends, would have no power to move him.

Early in 1892 came the end, preceded by no long or painful failure: finding him, as he had desired, in harness, though not unexpectant of the release which was at hand.

'Thank you,' he said when an inquiry had been made concerning his health, 'I am quietly slowing into the station.' Nevertheless, though

looking calmly forward to the inevitable end, his daily life was carried on as if no great crisis was at hand, nor had even trifles lost their power to interest him.

'Have I grown as old as all that?' he asked, as he looked at a portrait that was being painted of him during these last days, adding an injunction that 'these rags'—the old cassock he wore—should not be depicted. To the last, too, he continued the assertion of his political creed. Discussing some current topic with Archbishop Benson at Marlborough House the preceding year, he had avowed himself a Radical, employing half in jest the term applied to him by his opponents; and only a few days before his death he again made use of it.

'We are honest Radicals—he and I,' he told an Irish priest, as he charged him with a message of affectionate remembrance to Archbishop Croke.

No severe illness warned the outside world of the approaching end; but on January 14, London learnt that he was gone. Early that morning he passed in peace and quietness away. Without haste or hurry he had set out on the last journey.

'I have laid my burden down,' he said a day or two earlier; and again, approached on matters of

business, he intimated that the time was at length come for it to pass into other hands. 'No,' he said, 'my work is done.'

On January 13th, in the small scantily furnished bedroom he occupied at the top of his great house, and lying pontifically clothed on his pallet bed, he made his final profession of faith.

'Opus meum consummatum est,' he said later that evening. A few hours afterwards he had passed away.

The city mourned him, rich and poor paying him equal honour. Death, the great reconciler, would have brought oblivion of all differences of judgment, divergences of opinion, even had not time been beforehand in that matter. But it was perhaps amongst the poor that regret was keenest. He had been the poor man's Cardinal.

Everywhere meetings were held as the news went abroad, to express the sense of loss on the part of the labouring portion of the community. Resolutions of regret were passed by the Millwall Branch of the Dock, Wharf, and Riverside Union —who declared him 'endeared to the heart of every dock worker'—by the Barge Builders' Trade Union, the Gas Workers' Union, the Sailors' and Firemen's Union, the Carpenters' and Joiners' Societies and others; and at a crowded meeting

of delegates to the London Trades Council in Farringdon Street, the keen sense of irreparable loss which had been suffered by the death of Henry Edward, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, was expressed. 'By his tender sympathy for the suffering, his fearless advocacy of justice, especially for the poor, and by his persistent denunciation of the oppression of the workers, he has endeared his memory to the hearts of every true friend of labour.'

In Poplar, where the memory of his recent intervention as peacemaker was still fresh, Mr. Sydney Buxton spoke of the place he had filled in the hearts of the toiling masses. Whilst every one knew, he said, how the Cardinal had laboured at the time of the great strike, only a few were aware how much had been done by him, modestly, privately—for he hated publicity, except when it was essential to success—to prevent disputes from culminating in strikes. His influence for peace was enormous, and remained so till his death.

Nor was regret confined to his own country. 'The unhappy have lost their friend,' wrote some one to the *Figaro*; and the unhappy are limited to no single race or blood.

As he lay in state at Westminster, every

class, every creed, every party, united in doing him homage. It had been determined that none should be refused access to the Cardinal, dead, to whom, living, his doors had ever been open: and for three days the people of London—his own flock, mostly Irish, the English working men who had learnt to love and reverence him, and others of every station in life moved in single file to, it is said, the number of 100,000 through the temporary chapel where he had been placed. At first the services of police constables had been called in to keep order, but afterwards his own Guards of the League of the Cross were permitted to replace them, and, wearing their green sashes as badges of office, marshalled the throng as it passed in and out of their master's presence.

'The scene that London witnessed,' wrote a secular review, 'when the great Cardinal of the common people lay in state, holding as it were a last audience to which all were welcome, has had no parallel in our time as a popular tribute to the incarnation of a great spiritual and moral force.'

'He will walk through purgatory like a King,' said one of his own poor, as she looked her last upon him.

The funeral was again the occasion of a demon-

stration of an unusual character. It was not only a religious—it was a national ceremony. Marching with their flags and banners, all those public bodies who wished thus to assert their right to a share in the mourning for the Cardinal democrat took part, as the dead would have desired, in the procession. The League of the Cross—his special creation—was represented by 16,000 men, with the United Kingdon Alliance, the National League, the Trades Unions of London, the Dockers' Societies, the Amalgamated Society of Stevedores, the Order of Good Templars, the Federation of Trades and Labour Unions, and the Universal Mercy Band Movement.

As the great procession proceeded along the four miles lying between the Brompton Oratory and Kensal Green, the streets were lined with masses of spectators, gathered to testify their love and respect for the friend of the poor, as he was carried to his grave. 'It was an entire people,' says M. de Pressensé, 'the people of toil, of misery, and of suffering, who rose up to mourn a hero of charity.'

'Remember his name as a blessing'—the words in use amongst the Hebrew people when one of its heroes has passed away—were spoken in a New

York synagogue, as the preacher reminded his hearers of the friend of their race who was gone. As a blessing the name of the Cardinal Democrat will also be remembered amongst those of his own nation and blood.

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